OUR HISPANIC SOUTHWEST

ERNEST PEIXOTTO

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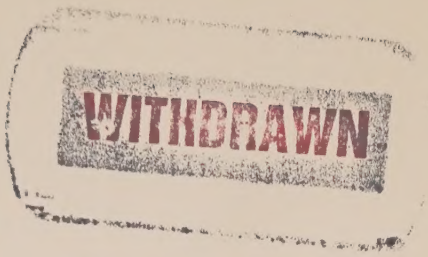

OUR HISPANIC SOUTHWEST

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San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson

OUR HISPANIC SOUTHWEST

BY

ERNEST PEIXOTTO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

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TO THE MEMORY OF

THOSE INTREPID FRIARS

WHO ESTABLISHED

THE EARLY CHURCHES IN THE SOUTHWEST

THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

For years I have known the country described in this book. Upon my various journeys across the continent I have traversed it many times. But it was not until very recently that I explored it systematically with a distinct object in view. This object was to look up the old Spanish Missions and settlements still scattered through Arizona and New Mexico and along the Texan border—picturesque material that has been sadly neglected by our writers and artists heretofore. Truthfully I was amazed at the result and at the interest of what I found both from an historic as well as a pictorial standpoint.

A number of books have dealt with our Southwest—which, to an extent, is our Algeria, our Tunisia—as a land of the great outdoors, as a land of rich possibilities, as a land of promise for those in search of renewed health. But few, if any, have described its historic spots as they appear to-day to the tourist, or have followed even approximately

the trails trod by those intrepid friars, *conquistadores* and pioneers: Fray Marcos, Coronado, Oñate, Juan de Padilla, Otermin, who led the various Spanish exploring parties across the burning sands of Arizona, through fierce Apache land, up the frigid slopes of the Rockies and marched even to far Quivira out on the distant plains of Kansas. Yet these figures, almost unknown to us, are just as much a part of our history as La Salle, Marquette, or Lewis and Clark.

But Anglo-Saxon historians, prejudiced no doubt by difference of race and religion, have devoted but scant space to them, and in the main have strangely belittled their work. So it is not until recently that the true story of their deeds has been told, a story based upon diligent research in the archives of Mexico and Old Spain. Thus, it is in a sense with the thrill of a discoverer that one comes for the first time upon such a great church of the desert as San Xavier del Bac or beholds the old Spanish-Mexican towns of the Rio Grande Valley or such rare, remote settlements as Chimayo. To point out these Spanish remains in our own Southwest, and hint at the thrilling stories of their foundation, is the reason for this book.

PREFACE

The author wishes to express his gratitude to those who helped him in his task: to Professor Herbert E. Bolton, who, more perhaps than any one else, has led the new historic research of the region; to Ex-Governor Prince of New Mexico and the officials of the School of American Archæology at Santa Fé as well as to other friends, both old and new, who have guided him over the difficult spots.

E. P.

May, 1916.

CONTENTS

PAGE

THE CHARM OF NEW ORLEANS 1

THE OLD TEXAN CAPITAL 29

THE HISTORIC BACKGROUND 57

ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER—

I. The Frontier River 85

II. El Paso 90

III. San Xavier del Bac 105

THROUGH ARIZONA—

I. Tucson to the Grand Cañon 121

II. The Grand Cañon—An Impression 129

THE PUEBLOS NEAR ALBUQUERQUE—

I. Laguna and Acoma 139

II. Up the Rio Grande 161

THE CITY OF THE HOLY FAITH 169

CONTENTS

PAGE

NORTHWARD TO TAOS—

I. Fernando de Taos and Its Artist Colony . . 195

II. The Indian Pueblo 209

THE RETURN TO SANTA FÉ—

I. In the Española Valley 221

II. Chimayo 231

III. Nambé and Tesuque 240

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

"A huge, white-pillared mansion" 7

A Street in the Old French Quarter . . . . . *facing* 8

"Gay with awnings and vines and potted plants" 10

"A little lead cherub upon a fountain remained my only companion" 13

The Beauregard House 15

In the Public Garden 25

A Corner of the French Market 26

A Mississippi Packet 27

A Water Vender, San Antonio 32

"Unmistakable Spanish villas" 33

One of the River Bridges 34

ILLUSTRATION

		PAGE
"Laid out with lawns and handsome trees"	*facing*	36
Military Plaza, San Antonio		39
The City Hall Steps—San Fernando Cathedral Beyond	*facing*	40
The Alamo		45
Mission of the Concepción	*facing*	50
Doorway, San José de Aguayo		53
Chapel Window, San José		54
Map of Early Explorations of the Southwest		61
"Tall saguaros reared their fluted columns"		65
"The great rock of Acoma"	*facing*	72
"Breaking into jagged ledges, grey and sinister"		86
A Cavalry Camp near the Border		88
Looking Down on Pioneer Plaza, El Paso		93
Church of the Guadalupe, Ciudad Juarez		97
The Smelter near El Paso		103
Main Portal, San Xavier del Bac		107
Interior, San Xavier del Bac	*facing*	110
"It has a distinctly Oriental aspect"		113
Father Kino's "Tabula Californiæ"		115
A Tucson Home		123
An Arizona Landscape		125

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Mexican Jacal	127
"Looked over into that prodigious abyss" *facing*	130
"The cañon lay serene"	131
Laguna *facing*	142
"To cook at outdoor ovens"	143
The Mesa Encantada *facing*	146
The Cliffs of Acoma *facing*	150
The Governor of Acoma and His City	153
Old Church, Acoma	157
"Isleta women sit before the station"	163
Indian Church, San Felipe	165
Patio at Station, Lamy	172
Colonnade of Governor's Palace, Santa Fé	174
Old Adobe, Camino del Cañon	176
"Burros laden with wood come down from the mountains"	178
"Hooded wagons stand before colonnaded porticoes"	181
Ceremonial Cave, Frijoles Cañon *facing*	188
Kiva of the Ceremonial Cave *facing*	190
Penitente Church, Fernando de Taos	198
J. H. Sharp's New Studio	201
Interior, Home of Irving Couse	203

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Herbert Dunton's Caseta	207
Mexican House, Fernando de Taos	210
Taos Pueblo *facing*	210
"Women baking at outdoor ovens" *facing*	212
"Rude shelters for the animals"	213
"Mounting ladder after ladder" *facing*	216
Sketch of Martinez Map of the Upper Rio Grande Pueblos	223
Tower, Church at Santa Cruz	227
Interior, Church at Santa Cruz *facing*	228
"A Penitente cross planted upon a cairn"	233
Hacienda at Chimayo	234
Mexico Church, Chimayo	237
Kiva, Nambé	241
A Corner of the Plaza, Tesuque	243

THE CHARM OF NEW ORLEANS

THE CHARM OF NEW ORLEANS

WHEREIN does it lie, this special charm of New Orleans—certainly the most alluring among the larger communities of our country? Not alone does it dwell in the byways of the old French quarter, though there doubtless lurks a unique attraction, but in the newer quarters, as well as in the life of the people, and especially in the romantic country round about, where still lakes and bayous are choked purple with water-hyacinth; where dark and dismal forests of cypress, bearded with Spanish moss, "lift their knees in the swamps," weird, fantastic reminders of the struggles of the early settlers, of the tragic beginnings of the infant colony, when flood and pestilence, Indian and pirate added misfortune to disaster and wrote upon the land a history dark and sombre as a Greek tragedy.

To prepare yourself for this romantic impression you should approach the city by the water-route as the colonists used to do in the early days, and like them ascend the Father of Waters a hundred miles or more. In their day the shores were but a tangle of dank, semitropic foliage interspersed with dunes and pestilential inlets, where death lurked in a thousand forms. One can readily imagine the feeling of these first settlers—poor Manon Lescaut and the *filles de joie* her companions—who, after their long buffetings at sea, turned their lack-lustre eyes upon so dreary a prospect.

Now the scene has changed. The swamps have been opened to the sun and air, and pestilence has been banished from the land.

After the soft caress of a long blue day in the Gulf of Mexico we raised the lights on the Eads jetties toward midnight, took the river pilot aboard, and threaded the narrow South Pass, one of the long toes of the Great Delta that reaches like a giant web-foot out into the gulf. Even on this moonless night the river showed thick and murky as it swirled its yellow waters in eddies that ceaselessly moved about the great ship as, one by one,

the lighthouses of Pilottown slipped by in the darkness.

At daybreak I looked out of our cabin window, and the shores showed low and close. Willows, vivid green even in the dim light, fringed the banks, which, here and there, were palisaded so as to raise them well above the level of the low-lying fields that stretched, clothed in their verdant spring mantle, off to the trees that fringed the horizon.

Our big steamer towered high in air, and the view from her upper deck embraced an extended landscape. Off in the rice-fields homesteads still slumbered in the shade of fragrant magnolias; negro cabins dotted the dikes, and once in a while a huge, white-pillared mansion would appear set in a bouquet of towering live-oaks, with its stables and barns placed at a discreet distance on the one hand and its double row of negro cabins, neat and orderly, set out upon the other—the humble church-spire ever marking the devotion of the plantation negro.

The sun now rose and tinged the tree trunks pink, cutting faint-blue shadows upon the murky waters. The birds redoubled their songs and filled

the air with melody—the lark, the mocking-bird, now in its mating season, and the purple grackle. White mists hung ghostlike in the bayous, and now and then, but very seldom, a boat—a tug with barges, or a wherry ferrying some workmen from shore to shore—would glide silently by.

The banks too were but sparsely peopled. Here and there "dark ladies," as our first officer called them, walked upon the levees, or began their morning washing by the river, and a horseman, an overseer in white, left the gang that he had set to work in the cane-brakes. Pointe à la Hache, Sainte Rosalie, Belair, Sainte Anne—one by one the old French settlements slid by.

Finally, at historic Chalmette, where Jackson defeated Pakenham's seasoned veterans in the ever memorable battle of New Orleans, the city first makes itself felt. Alas, for its old-time picturesque water-front! The levees that I remember, with their throngs of negroes and whites, their acres of cotton bales baking in the sun; their river packets like floating palaces—nine-boiler boats manned by a hundred roustabouts apiece and capable of carrying four hundred passengers—all these have de-

parted, swept away, supplanted in a wave of improvement, by long wharfs with dun-coloured

"A Huge, White-Pillared Mansion"

warehouses that, one after another in endless succession, effectually screen the charming Crescent City that used to string its houses and plazas along the river bank.

The old prints thus show it nestled in its sharp bend of the Mississippi, eleven squares facing the water, multiplied by five running inland from the levee. The rectangle thus formed, still known as the Vieux Carré, was at first surrounded by palisades, and later by walls about fifteen feet high protected by a moat some forty feet wide. A fortress guarded each angle and an extra fort stood at Congo Square in the middle of the long front opposite the river.

This old French quarter, laid out in the early days of the eighteenth century by de Bienville and his engineer, Le Blond de la Tour, retains much of its old-time character. The names of its streets perpetuate the men and the places dear to the French heart of that time: Bourbon, Dauphine, Chartres, Toulouse, Conti. The houses are simple, but dignified and expressive—seldom more than two or three stories high and often but one, and their lime-washed walls are tinted ochre, grey, white, or water-green, just as they are in Latin-America.

In fact, so much has been said of French New Orleans that people are prone to forget what an important part Spain once played in the affairs of

A Street in the Old French Quarter

Louisiana. The French quarter, as we see it today, was built for the most part during the Spanish occupation, after two great fires had devastated the city in the last years of the eighteenth century. But its unmistakable Hispanic character is strongly tinged with and tempered by the refinement and delicacy of detail loved by the French. The architecture thus fitly expresses the social structure of the colony where these two impulsive nations met on a foreign soil, upon which each sought to impress its home traditions.

A special characterististic is imparted by the "galleries," as they are locally called, that shade each story—Spanish legacies also—broad balconies furnished like rooms and gay with awnings and vines and potted plants, and further ornamented with iron railings braced with brackets and upright panels of iron wrought or moulded into pleasing and intricate patterns.

These iron embellishments, more especially those of such of the finer edifices as the Pontalba mansions and the Cabildo are certainly worthy of more serious study than they have yet received, deserving to rank with similar specimens of wrought-iron work

"Gay with awnings and vines and potted plants"

that are carefully preserved in the Musée Carnavalet in Paris.

The house-fronts of this Creole quarter, outwardly so simple, mask many a charming home. In many cases these are still inhabited by descendants of the old families, but in others, alas! are given over to tenements. A large proportion have courtyards and gardens hidden behind them, some simple, laid out with prim little shell pathways and tiny arbours; others dank and green with ferns and varied cryptogamia.

A few are spacious and handsome enough to contain coach-houses and stalls for a dozen horses. Such, for instance, is one in Chartres Street, whose double gate could easily admit a coach and four; such is another in the Rue Royale, which reveals itself from the street by a glimpse of a thicket of banana-trees. The deep archway, stained strawberry-pink; the long runnel for water in the flagstones; the moonflowers and lilies, the amaryllis, the pepper-trees and oleanders that top the walls; the geometric flower-beds with their violet borders, transport you by magic to the West Indies and the patios of the tropics.

I spent one dreamy afternoon, still and sultry, sketching in this court. The baskets, dangling at the ends of cords, waiting to hoist provisions to various apartments, hung limp and listless. A little lead cherub upon a fountain, dry and neglected, remained my only companion, save for a silent old man in a far-away corner intent on polishing the mahogany post of a great tester bedstead. Once, and once only, the silence was broken, when a young man issued from the house and called to his mother, whose soft Creole voice answered from within the curtained windows with their fan-shaped lights: "Au 'voir mon cher—à bientôt!"

This sort of atmosphere pervades the entire quarter. It lurks especially in the streets that surround the Cathedral of St. Louis, that forms the hub, as it were, of the old city. There, through narrow alleyways, the hot wind sucks in from Jackson Square, and lazily flaps the curtains that hang at porch and window. A wagon seldom rumbles over the flagstones that, worn with age, heave in hummocks; a foot seldom treads the stepping-stones that span the open gutters. Once in a while a negress in gay colours, with her basket of provi-

"A little lead cherub upon a fountain remained my only companion"

sions on her head, returns from the French market near by, or a cassocked priest slips from the transept door to the simple house opposite reserved for the clergy, whose frugal living-room, flush with the sidewalk, stands open to the street, disclosing to the passer-by its devotional pictures and its anchoretic furnishings.

In Royal Street curiosity-shops succeed each other in alluring profusion, displaying their trinkets and odds and ends of Sheffield plate and bits of Sèvres; their French clocks and decanters and their sets of Limoges. Between, stand old bookstalls where somnolent venders drowse over musty tomes, while possible purchasers browse along the shelves as they might upon the Quai Voltaire. Stores of more modern aspect display copies of *Le Rire*, *Excelsior*, *l'Illustration* and *l'Abeille de la Nouvelle Orléans*, the oldest French paper published in America.

The little English that one hears is strongly tinged with the Creole dialect. The French Opera-House, but a block or two away, with its rows of red *loges* and silver-chained *huissiers* is tinged with centuries of tradition, while tucked in these same

byways, scarcely noticed by the casual eye, hide the French restaurants that have long been famous.

What oases they are in the gastronomic desert

The Beauregard House

of American hotel cookery, with its eternal roasts and chops and steaks! Simple, devoid of gilded ornament, but neat and clean and with attentive waiters, these little establishments tickle your appetite with an array of delectable dishes, the mere memory of which brings joy to the palate: pompano

en papillotte, sheepshead, and redsnapper; terrapin, snapping turtle; crabs both hard and soft; shrimp from sea or lake; game—snipe, woodcock, grouse, wild turkey—from the forests, and duck—mallard, canvasback, and teal—from the marshes, prepared with those savoury sauces *à la Richelieu* or *à la Périgord* that smack of the essays of Brillat-Savarin.

There are, too, the special New Orleans delicacies: the *matelottes* and *courtbouillons*, the *bouillabaisses*, and, above all, the *gombo aux herbes*—"gombo zhĕbes" in the mouths of the old Creole mammies—that gave its title to Lafcadio Hearn's fascinating little dictionary of Creole proverbs. And if you have well chosen your dinner, you "depart," as a brochure issued by one of these restaurants puts it, "not with that dull, heavy feeling which is the result of a coarse, avoirdupois meal, but in a rejuvenated, happy sentiment so well illustrated by Rabelais in his epicurean essays."

The proprietors, a family of chefs trained at the Brébant or *chez* Marguery, take their art seriously and personally supervise everything. One of my friends told me a characteristic incident that he himself had witnessed. A young man, a Texan,

attending an intercollegiate football match, came in one day to "La Louisiane" for breakfast. It happened that the coffee was the first thing brought, as he had ordered it, but after a sip or two, he pushed it away with the exclamation: "Take away that wash!" Alciatore, the proprietor, overhearing the remark, quickly came forward and said to the scandalised waiter: "Remove everything from that table—*couverts*, salt, pepper, *tout!*" "But," exclaimed the young man, "I wanted to breakfast here!" "Non, monsieur, that cannot be. There is one thing in my establishment that I am sure of, and that is my coffee. If you do not approve of that, how can I hope to please you with anything else? We are not able to serve you!" The young man looked angrily about, on the point of making a row, but seeing only quiet people, casting disapproving looks in his direction, he picked up his hat and vanished.

The guide-books will tell you of all the interesting old houses and the legends connected with them. If you wish to visualise these legends and have a whiff, as it were, of the romantic lives of the people that figured in them, go some morning

to the Cabildo, or Casa Curia, whose ponderous arcade fronts the Place d'Armes next to the cathedral. As its name implies, it, too, is Spanish, having been built by Don Andres Almonastir y Roxas to replace the town-hall that was destroyed in the great conflagration of 1780. Its windows have looked upon many an important event in the history of the city, for the Place d'Armes, now Jackson Square, was always used for reviews, executions, official ceremonies, and public gatherings of all kinds.

Its rooms, too, are eloquent of the past and have recently been arranged by an enlightened curator to form one of the most attractive museums in our country. From the walls of the monumental stone staircase the early governors look down: de Bienville, founder of the city, Iberville, founder of the province, in big wig and plate armour; Carondelet, lean and spare, in his tight, red Spanish breeches, and Claiborne, the first American governor, in buff and blue.

Fronting the square, with all its seven bays, is the great reception-hall, Napoleon's death-mask lying in the centre. Inappropriate, you say? But

did not Girod plot to bring the captive emperor here from St. Helena with the aid of a Barataria privateer? Is not the house to be seen to-day that was prepared for his reception? Only his death, it is said, marred the working of the plot. In cases, up and down this room, are gathered the *fanfreluches* of the old French régime—miniatures and cut silhouettes, ornamental buttons, seals and rings, and the elaborate fans that once veiled ardent Creole glances. And in these same cases are collected the duelling weapons—the rapiers, or *colichemards*, of the French, and the pistols introduced by the Americans. In smaller rooms adjoining, state documents are ranged in chronological order, thus visualising the history of the State, while rare and curious maps and charts show the growth of the city from the original de Bienville plan to the great metropolis of the present day. Part of the room is devoted to the memory of Audubon, of whom the city is justly proud, while by no means the least attractive of the collections are the French play-bills and opera libretti of the last century.

I have hinted my conviction that within the old French quarter lies only a part of the charm of

New Orleans. If we look elsewhere, what do we find?

Canal Street is more than a city thoroughfare. It is a boundary. Whether with this in mind or not I do not know, but its central "banquette," where you board the various street-cars, is called Neutral Ground. Once across it, you have returned to America, but an America set in a delightful Southern atmosphere. The shops are very businesslike and up to date, but the streets are still shaded, happily, with broad balconies that form arcades—shelters from the heat of the sun in summer and from the violent tropic rain-storms that sweep the city at other seasons.

Most tourists visit New Orleans in the early spring at the Mardi Gras, when, of course, the life is at its gayest and the city wears its well-known holiday dress.

But later on, in the early summer, there is another and a different charm. The intermittent cold spells have vanished. The gardens, rank and swelling with life, pour forth their blooms. The oleanders, pink and white, burst into flower, and sweet-smelling magnolias, luxuriant, opulent, Juno-

esque, spread their lustrous leaves and snowy flowers to the kiss of the sun.

The people in the street answer nature's invitation. Not only the women, but the men don white and panamas, and creamed-coloured "Palm Beach suits" become the usual city attire. The restaurants open their fronts to the street; the big fans begin to revolve; the soda-fountains prepare for the summer rush, and the barkeepers, who shake those celebrated Creole gin-fizzes behind a certain counter near the St. Charles Hotel, can scarcely keep up with the demand. As the twilights lengthen and succeed the sultry glare of midday, the car-service to Spanish Fort is doubled, and young and old betake themselves to the shores of Pontchartrain for rest and recreation at the boat clubs of West End or at the restaurants and "attractions" of Spanish Fort itself.

There, under the very bastions of this historic outpost against Indian and pirate, built by de Ulloa just after he had fortified the harbour at Vera Cruz, they indulge in those delicious fish dinners for which the place has long been famous, and which are said to have wrung from Thackeray

his oft-quoted remark: "In New Orleans you can eat a bouillabaisse, the like of which was never eaten in Marseilles or Paris." These dinners are served very well indeed at the showy restaurant facing the lake, but I prefer the more intimate atmosphere of a certain little resort that fronts the bayou.

We were introduced to it by a valued friend—a gentleman steeped in all the traditions of New Orleans, and with him enjoyed a *courtbouillon* of exquisite aroma, concocted by the proprietor himself, whom we afterward visited and complimented in his kitchen. The "petit Pernod," the peppery saffron-coloured sauce, the white wine, diluted with seltzer (the evening was warm); the boats that silently glided by through the narrow waterways of the bayou—all these transported us in fancy to a small lagoon that we know well, where the Marseillais fishermen, over open fires of burning cane-stalks, concoct their own version of bouillabaisse, savoury and aromatic.

These summer evenings on the shores of Pontchartrain are most agreeable—a welcome change from the spent air of the city's street. Sometimes

the evening is still and sultry, but the heat is tempered by the nearness of the water that stretches afar until it meets the sky. Sometimes cumuli pile their heads together, and a leaden pall overspreads the sunset. The flags at the mastheads flutter, the table-cloths billow, the waiters scurry about and a deluge drenches the terraces. In ten minutes all is over. The air is cool and refreshed, the stars shine radiant again, and the dancers tread their fox-trots and two-steps in the changing lights of the glittering pavilion.

The walks and rides in New Orleans are rendered doubly interesting by the nomenclature of its streets, for the city's history stands written upon them, an open book for him who would read. I have already alluded to the names in the French quarter. The Spanish occupation is perpetuated in another group up near the Poydras Canal: Lopez, Galvez, Salcedo, Gayoso. The neo-classicism of the French Revolution finds expression in Apollo, Bacchus, Dryades, and the demigods and all the muses that cluster round Lee Circle. While, to recall the Grande Epopée, there is the group about Napoleon Avenue: Iéna, Austerlitz, and Marengo.

A linguist will be scandalised at the pronunciation of some of these names, and will wince at their sound in the mouths of cabmen and car-conductors who call Terpsichore, Terpsikōr; Melpomene, Melpomēen, and Euterpe, Euterp.

The streets in the quarter of the city that dates from the American occupation bear the names of our national heroes, and in them still stand a number of spacious brick mansions of ante-bellum days, demains particularly appropriate to the place and climate, for their tall windows, their porches ornamented with arches and iron railings, their vast rooms, cool and airy, convey a general and agreeable sense of spaciousness, and it seems a pity that their style has not been more closely followed in the architecture of more recent days.

In the vicinity of Lee Circle and along Tchoupitoulas Road a number of these old mansions may be seen, and sprinkled among them, especially along the Bayou Road, one or two of those remarkable plantation homes that date from the Spanish period—great square houses of brick two stories high, with wide verandas extending along all four sides, supported by tall Tuscan columns

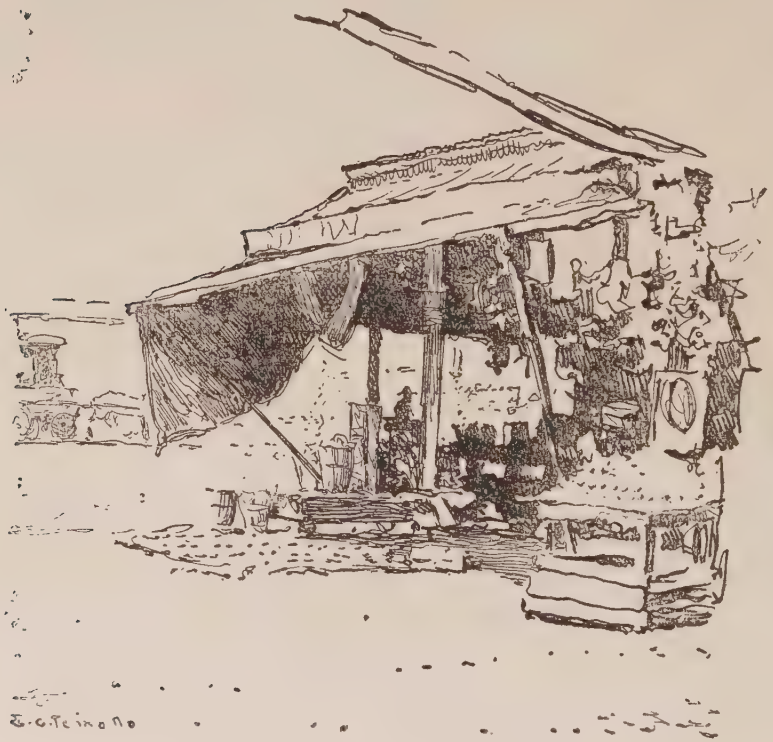
plastered with stucco and painted white. The low-pitched roof, the high windows that open freely on porches above and below, the rooms of vast

In the Public Garden

proportions, are the logical adaptation of Spanish ideas and taste to fit local conditions.

Yet it must not be denied that the stately modern homes along St. Charles Avenue have a dignity of their own, set in their gardens shaded by noble

trees. In fact, not the least of the charms of New Orleans lies in these same gardens, both private



A Corner of the French Market

and public—gardens often a riot of colour where velvety lawns set off vivid thickets of hibiscus, camellias, and coleus with bright, shining leaves.

The rose of Sharon, the Cape jasmine, the crape-myrtle grow almost into trees, while the sturdy oleanders put to shame the tubbed plants of Italy.

A Mississippi Packet

The streets are often parked and shaded by palms, peppers, and umbrella china-trees. The Public Garden is delightful and invites to quiet and repose, with its peristylium, its casinos, and varied features, while a romantic touch is added

by those "duelling oaks," in whose dense shade many a famous encounter has been fought—many a duel with rapiers between the spirited Creoles, and many a fight with pistols between the peppery American plantation-owners.

I have not even mentioned Audubon Park, where the great oaks hang heavy with Spanish moss—that strange epiphyte that grows upon a telegraph-wire quite as well as upon a tree, and whose long filaments sway in the breeze like pendent pennants. Neither, in this little catalogue of the charms of the Crescent City, have I alluded to the Old French Market, quaint and full of character to-day as ever it was, nor to the ancient cemeteries, with their walled tombs and graves hung with bead wreaths and artificial flowers; nor to the oldest building in the Mississippi Valley, the venerable Convent of the Ursulines; nor to the old Pickwick Club and the Chess and Checkers; nor to the delightful new Country Club, airy, spacious, set in its park of oaks out in the Metairie. But if I have conveyed to the reader some faint idea of the city's charm viewed to-day by a casual tourist with a love for the picturesque, I have done all that I set out to do.

THE OLD TEXAN CAPITAL

THE OLD TEXAN CAPITAL

WE are accustomed to think of our Southwest as an arid land, a solitude of vast horizons and rainless skies—as a new land, too—so that it is with some surprise that the traveller, stopping off at San Antonio upon his long transcontinental voyage, finds this old Texan capital set in a semitropical valley presenting that charming mixture of old and new that we are accustomed to associate only with some quaint city in a foreign land.

Many of a certain class of its citizens called the city San Antōn, with a very broad "o" and a special sort of affectionate accent, and when I spoke to one of them about it he said: "Yes, we call it so because we kind o' jest love it." And who can wonder! To many of them its balmy winters and pure air

have spelled restored health and a new lease of life; to others its opportunities have brought ease and sometimes wealth, and to all alike it extends

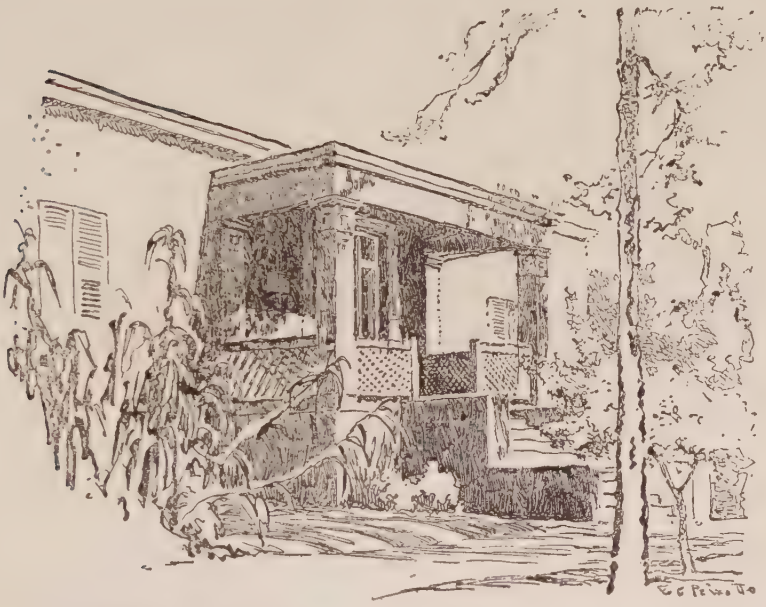
A Water Vender, San Antonio

the welcome of its pretty streets aglow with flowers and blossoming shrubs.

You plunge in an instant from the bustling business quarters into quiet, shady byways where boarding-houses and family hotels invite the winter sojourner. Tucked away among modern residences stand unmistakable little Spanish villas smothered

in vines and fig-trees, semi-abandoned, and old adobes, pink, grey or blue, with overhanging porches, silently awaiting destruction.

The city, indeed, is improving so hastily that it



"Unmistakable Spanish Villas"

is a pity that more of these landmarks of the old days have not been spared. Realising this, both of the main railway-stations have adopted a well-considered Spanish type, and I cannot but lament

that the designers of the City Hall, the battlemented post-office, and other public buildings could not have done likewise instead of trying to graft versions of official Washington or New York upon

One of the River Bridges

so unsuitable a background and adapt them to so dissimilar a climate.

In my walks about I constantly came upon the San Antonio River that traverses the city in a number of loops and bends, so twisting, indeed, that thirty-seven bridges span its meandering waters.

Some of the older ones are strictly utilitarian in character, but those of more recent date are made of concrete, well designed, and ornamented with drinking-fountains, potted plants, and appropriate architectural features.

The river banks themselves are confined by stone copings and laid out with lawns and handsome trees—peppers, palms, and oaks—thus forming a charming feature of a city neither too large nor too small, a *rus in urbe*, a delightful combination of town and country. Overhanging the stream in several places restaurants are installed as well as "candy kitchens" that invite you to linger, while an enterprising boatman has even established a "boat club," and takes those who will on excursions in motor-boats up and down the current.

San Antonio, from the date of its foundation by Alarcón, has been a combination of *villa*, mission, and presidio. The civil life centred in Main Plaza, or the Plaza de las Islas, as it was then called, in honor of the families from the Canary Islands, sent over by the King's orders to help populate the infant colony. The presidio was situated in the

Plaza de las Armas, now Military Plaza, the soldiers' barracks facing on the north side, and the governor also residing in this square in an old palace that stood until very recently, indeed, with the arms of Spain and Austria quartered on the keystone of its main entrance.

It and the Veramendi Palace near by, where dwelt Bowie's sweetheart and where Ben Milam died, were swept away but a year or two ago in a wave of "improvement" that might well have spared two such interesting structures and two such important relics of the past.

The west side of the Plaza de las Armas was given over to the clergy, who here built a pueblo church. This church has now grown into the cathedral of San Fernando that still marks the geographic centre of the city and is a queer composite of varying styles. The oldest part extant fronts the City Hall in Main Plaza, and takes the form of an apsidal chapel whose stunted buttresses and low, flat dome, painted pale blue, give it a decidedly Moorish aspect. The façade, with its limestone walls and pointed arches, has gone through so many vicissitudes and been modernised to such

"Laid out with lawns and handsome trees"

an extent as to leave its original appearance in doubt.

Not so the interior, however, for that, though also new, transported me in an instant to the Spanish churches of Latin-America, stimulating the senses with its coloured images, its candles, its vivid pictures, its stations of the cross, and lingering smell of incense. The old men that shuffle up the aisle; the ladies in mantillas kneeling in the pews; a venerable woman, her head wrapped in a black *manta*, mumbling and crossing herself before the figure of a saint; a tired-looking mother with a sickly babe upon her knee and her dark eyes fixed imploringly upon a Murillo Virgin—all these fit the picture admirably, but seem strange and out of place in our United States.

Their presence ceased to surprise me when I had investigated the quarter that lies to the west of the church—a veritable township of tumble-down shanties so extensive and so completely peopled by Mexicans that I am told that Spanish is the language of more than half of San Antonio's population. In spite of this fact, the external aspect of the quarter is not Mexican, for its constructions

are too flimsy and too densely shaded by trees and shrubs to resemble a Spanish settlement. It is, notwithstanding, full of picturesque courts and corrals where animals and humans live in very close companionship.

The strange associations thus formed are best studied in the teams that congregate about the City Hall and at the big public market near by: wagons of poultry venders and produce dealers; buggies drawn by thoroughbreds with tails that sweep the ground; buckskin mules and mustangs hitched to buckboards, shaded by great umbrellas under which a Mexican face or two shines dark and swarthy. The younger women are often quite lovely, and I shall never forget two nuns in a surrey whose sweet, pale faces framed in white glowed like polished ivory in the luminous shadow out of the fierce glare of the sun.

The cathedral marks the transition from the somnolent Mexican quarter to the hustling American business section that stretches its broad, glittering thoroughfares to the eastward. Here are assembled the attractive stores that still display the legend "invitamos especialmente la clientela

Military Plaza, San Antonio

Mexicana"; the little shops to entice the curio-hunter and those soda-fountains palatial in equipment and ever popular that draw the crisp young girls like magnets, while to attract the ranchers and cattlemen saloons open wide their portals. Two of these are veritable hunters' dreams of paradise, for their walls are literally covered with big-game heads, "the grandest and largest collection of horns existing," as one of them modestly announces in a folder.

Remarkable collections they certainly are: Cape buffalo and antelope, rhinoceros and hartbeest, water-buck and brindle gnu, elk from Colorado, moose from Canada, and heads of wild mustangs and Longhorn steers from Texas itself, one pair of horns measuring eight feet from tip to tip. There is, too, a deer head, quite unique, whose antlers count no less than seventy-eight prongs, while around the base of the walls pictures of animals and inscriptions are carried out in rattlesnake tails, of which I was told there were thirty thousand in the collection, though I do not vouch for the accuracy of the figures.

The business quarter extends up as far as Alamo

The City Hall Steps—San Fernando Cathedral Beyond

Plaza, a square of modern aspect, upon which fronts the oldest of the city's missions—San Antonio de Valero, founded when the presidio was established here at about the close of the seventeenth century. After a hundred years or more of quite uneventful history, this old chapel, now known as the Alamo, became the scene of one of the most dramatic episodes of American history—the tragic siege which takes on new interest and significance in these troubled days of Mexican strife.

Since 1822, when Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain, the few American colonists in Texas had endured much at the hands of the new government. A climax was reached when Santa Anna seized Mexico City, overthrew the constitutionalists, and made himself dictator. He was the particular enemy of the Americans, and ordered the arrest of some of the most prominent among them. This brought clashes between them and the Mexican soldiers. Friends came from Missouri and Louisiana to help, until finally they organised a little army and, with Ben Milam at their head, marched upon San Antonio. After a stubborn house-to-house fight they took the town on the 7th of December, 1835.

Here they were joined by Davy Crockett and others, and here they awaited the coming of the enraged dictator, fortifying themselves as best they might in the old mission church and its outbuildings.

When Santa Anna arrived, at the head of his five thousand men, he summoned the two hundred Americans shut up in the Alamo to surrender. Their only reply was a shot fired from the cannon that William Travis commanded. The Mexicans immediately laid siege to the old church and for ten days pressed it with vigour. Its defenders, hopelessly outnumbered, and with no chance of reinforcement, prepared to fight to the death. On March 6, to the sound of the "deguillo" (no quarter), the Mexicans advanced for the final assault.

Their ammunition exhausted, but fighting with their clubbed muskets or anything else that they could find, the heroic band of Americans fought on until, little by little, they were killed to a man, Travis athwart his cannon, Crockett upon a heap of Mexican soldiers in front of the main church door, Bowie, sick upon his cot, defending himself

with his famous knife. So, "Remember the Alamo" became the watchword of Texan freedom.

The stout old building, with its thick, low walls, its stockaded outbuildings, its buttressed sides, remains quite as an old picture of the time depicts it and, were it not for the florid portal, might still be mistaken for a ruined fortress. The scale of its façade is exceptionally small, so that, upon entering, I was surprised at the size of the interior—quite an extensive church, with shallow transepts and a square-ended apse, where the green leaves thrust themselves in through a small window over the altar. There are a few relics in cases—all too few, it would appear—and, well up the nave, an old cannon pointing toward the door, grim reminder of the siege, upon which I could still decipher "1698, Philipus IIII."

To the left of the entrance opens a squarish chamber that served the monks as a burying-ground, and adjoining it is the sacristy. Owing to their protected situation, these two rooms were used as magazines during the siege, while the baptistery opposite served as a place of refuge for the few women and children.

Quite recently the old quadrangle to the north has been freed of encumbering buildings (a scheme for a "million-dollar hotel" upon this site having happily been quashed still-born), so that the old buildings preserve a fitting sense of isolation and stand quite apart from their modern surroundings.

The Alamo itself, with its associations, is quite enough of a legacy for an American city, but when you add to it four other mission churches, San Antonio's heritage from Spanish days is indeed a rich one.

This group of churches, quite unique in our country, is entitled to a special little chapter in any book dealing with our Hispanic Southwest. They constitute a precious memorial of the days of early struggle that preceded the American occupation of the country.

The present State of Texas, the land of the Tejas Indians, remained unexplored and unsettled until almost the close of the seventeenth century. A little Spanish band of four men had indeed journeyed across it more than a century before that. In 1528 a boat-load of shipwrecked warriors, remnants of the ill-fated Narvaez expedition, had been cast ashore,

The Alamo

after incredible hardships, upon the Texas coast, somewhere near Matagorda Bay, landing on an island that the natives called Auia, but that the Spaniards themselves named Malhado—Misfortune.

The Indians upon it, like those of all the Texas coast, were a destitute tribe, wandering constantly in search of food, subsisting chiefly on oysters, and having but one engrossing distraction: En toda la tierra se emborrachan con un humo, y dán quanto tienen por él—in all the land they inhale smoke, and give all that they possess for it—that is, tobacco.

The marooned Spaniards remained upon their island for more than a year. Disease and starvation reduced their numbers rapidly until, from eighty men, there remained but a small group thoroughly wearied and ready to risk anything. Among them were Cabeza de Vaca and an Arabian negro, Estevanico, whom we shall meet again later on in our record of Fray Marcos's wonderful voyage of discovery through Arizona. These two, with a few companions, managed to attain the mainland, but soon fell into the hands of the Indians, and virtually became their slaves or prisoners.

For several years they shared the privations of their half-starved captors awaiting, through the winters, the season of the prickly pear, so as to gorge themselves upon its fruit. Cabeza has left us an excellent account of these nomadic tribes, of their skill with the bow and arrow, of the amazing knowledge they possessed of woodcraft, of their abnormal sense of sight and hearing, and of their imperviousness to hunger and cold. One of his companions, Oviedo, in speaking of the bitter "northers" that sweep the arid plains in winter, says that "quanto viento El Norte por invierno, que aun los pescados se hielan, dentro de la mar, de frio"*—a gross exaggeration doubtless, against which every land agent in the region will protest!

But it is an inhospitable land, this Texan upland, interspersed only here and there with forests on the higher plateaus, and with groves of cotton-woods, and clumps of willows in the river valleys.

After their long sojourn among the Indians, the four men plotted to free themselves and make their

* When the north wind blows in winter the fish in the sea freeze from the cold.

way back to civilisation. Patiently awaiting their opportunity, they managed to escape and set forth upon their unbelievable Odyssey across the continent, through trackless wilds infested with savages, keeping ever westward, for, says Cabeza: "We ever held it certain that by going toward the sunset we would find what we desired"—that is, their own people.

So, according to Bandelier and other authorities, they crossed the Brazos River, passed a little to the north of modern Austin, struck the Pecos where it empties into the Rio Grande, followed the latter until it turns north, traversed northern Mexico to the Yaqui River, and then turned south to Mexico City. On their way they heard of the buffalo and of cities, fair and pleasant, that lay to the north. When they repeated these last tales to the Viceroy, his cupidity was awakened, but their tales of the half-starved Indians of Texas fell on dull ears.

So it was not until many years later, in 1690, that the first missionaries ventured out among the Tejas Indians and established, not very far from Nacogdoches on the Neches River, a primitive mission, San Francisco de los Tejas. But pestilence

and famine, drought and overflow proved insurmountable foes, and the mission was abandoned. Then, in 1716, it was revived by the indefatigable monks under the name of San Francisco de los Neches, and two other missions were established near by—La Purísima Concepción de los Asinais and San José de los Nazones.

Again, however, in 1730, all three had to be abandoned and removed, with their *Indios reducidos*, to the more healthful and safe vicinity of San Antonio de Béjar, the San Antonio that we know under the shelter of its strong presidio. Their names were changed to Purísima Concepción de Acuña, San Juan Capistrano, and San Francisco de la Espada, and by these names they are called to-day.

They lie southward from San Antonio along the banks of the San Antonio River, almost equidistant from each other at intervals of two or three miles. They are easily visited by motor in a few hours, so that they really form an integral part of the city's attractions.

South Flores Street leads to them—one of the very oldest of the city's thoroughfares, still guard-

ing here and there, along its sides, adobes with colonnaded porches to remind one of the Spanish days. Soon, above fields of white poppies and golden niggerheads, the massive twin towers of Concepción rise to mark the first mission, a stately church with a simple but dignified front. A tangle of ancient constructions still surround it, remains of its extensive viviendas, its granaries, stables, and outbuildings, and the vast containing-walls that protected it from Indian raiders, so that it still presents quite a perfect type of an old-time mission.

An excellent idea of the life that was led in it can be gained from a report of the missionaries, dated 1762, which gives a full record of its possessions: its fat fields, well watered by *acequias* or irrigating ditches; its two hundred mares and hundred hogs; its six hundred head of cattle; and its flocks of goats and sheep, two thousand or more in number. The report also tells of its varied activities, and describes how, while the monks were caring for the souls of the Indians and teaching them the catechism, the lay brothers instructed them in weaving blankets, *rebozos*, and *mantas*, in the arts of agriculture, and in making sugar from the sugar-

Mission of the Concepción

cane, to such good purpose that the granaries were bursting with countless *fanegas* of corn and beans, while the excellent work of stonecutter and mason, taught by the Spanish fathers, is still to be seen upon the mission buildings themselves, in spite of the fact that this same report records the Indian's "want of culture, his little talent, and great sloth."

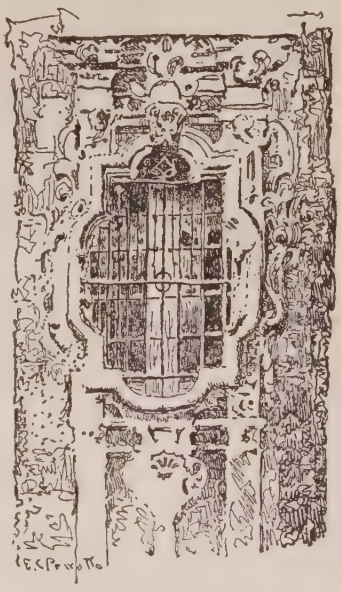
The second mission, San José de Aguayo, is architecturally the most interesting of the four. It was begun in 1720, so was the earliest in date, but was not completed until eleven years later. Its façade is the most ornate piece of Spanish baroque that I know of in our country—a genuine surprise with its richly ornamented cornices and keystones, its winged cherubim, and its panels whose sculptured niches are peopled by cassocked saints. Unhappily, the roof has fallen, and the nave and transepts stand open to the four winds of heaven, but there remains a chapel, once perhaps the baptistery, that is still used for services. Its place in the south wall is plainly marked by an elaborate window whose picturesque design conforms to the ornamentation of the west portal and whose tarnished panes are still protected by the remains of a delicate iron *reja*.

It is entered by a doorway that, owing to its sheltered position under a low stone arch, has remained quite intact, stonework, panelled doors, and heavy wrought-iron fittings. The chapel itself has distinct architectural interest, vaulted as it is with flattened domes and low arches, and retaining its Hispanic character unmarred by modern furniture, for the broken-down pews of its little congregation, the simple altar, and its furnishings, the cloth of appliqué (made by Mexican women some fifty years ago) that does duty as a reredos, are all in keeping with its original character. It contains, too, a few remnants of the church ornaments that once belonged to the main edifice: a mutilated crucifix, a section of the circular stair that led, I suppose, to the tower, some candlesticks, and other tarnished relics. Adjoining the church to the east are extensive corridors of brick arches covered with stucco that probably formed part of the refectory and living quarters, while to the west extends a long stone granary.

The third and fourth missions, San Juan Capistrano and San Francisco de la Espada, are much simpler in character than the first two, each having

Doorway, San José de Aguayo

stepped belfries attached to churches of primitive design. Each shows extensive remains of its old mission quadrangle, and the last the ruins of its *baluarte* or bastion for defence.



Chapel Window, San José

Near the last-named, rise arches of the aqueduct that supplied the missions with water and fed that intricate system of irrigating ditches that, until the day of artesian wells, formed so necessary an adjunct to the city's life.

You may return to town by way of the ostrich farm and the fair grounds, where Theodore Roosevelt assembled his Rough Riders and trained them for the war with Spain, almost in the shadow of the old Franciscan churches.

The rough-riders of to-day are trained out on the hills at Fort Sam Houston, named for the hero who avenged the Alamo, took Santa Anna prisoner at

San Jacinto, and assured the independence of the Texas republic.

This fort, locally called "Army Post," is one of the most important presidios in our country. It has three vast parade-grounds surrounded by comfortable-looking officers' quarters, and long lines of red-roofed barracks for all branches of the service, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, while a powerful wireless plant and aeroplane sheds bring the equipment well up to modern requirements. There are comparatively few men to occupy these barracks just now, as most of them are out on patrol duty along the Mexican border. Headquarters staffs and regimental bands are still there, however, and help to bring social life and gaiety to the city that sorely misses its larger soldier life, of which it has been deprived for two years.

The band plays once or twice a week in front of the commanding-general's headquarters upon a broad, grassy slope dominated by a conspicuous clock-tower. I found these concerts most enjoyable on a balmy summer night, for the townsfolk turn out in crowds, some in motors that they park in a great circle, others by the street-cars, sitting or

stretching themselves full length upon the grass, the women fresh in spotless white, the men more rough and ready, and the fireflies flicker and twinkle from group to group like stray nebulæ dropped from the myriad stars that shine overhead in this clear atmosphere with a brilliancy beyond belief.

THE HISTORIC BACKGROUND

THE HISTORIC BACKGROUND

BEFORE we enter the real Southwest, I am sure it would add greatly to our interest if we took a look backward over a lapse of several centuries and reviewed the story of the discovery and settlement of the old Spanish Province of New Mexico, for we shall often follow in the footsteps of its intrepid explorers, and see scenes and towns with which they were familiar.

It is a story to which historians have given much serious attention recently, for it still yields fine opportunities for original research; but, up to the present time, people in general had taken but little interest in it, owing to their unfamiliarity with even its chief actors. Junipero Serra and his California missions, Cabrillo and Viscaino, Portola and his discovery of San Francisco Bay—these are persons

we know. But Fray Marcos, Coronado, Juan de Oñate, Otermín, Father Kino, though their great achievements took place within the borders of these United States, remain almost unknown figures in our history.

Yet their story is a thrilling romance of adventure—a series of daring exploits, a record of unquenchable zeal, of marvellous endurance, of hardship and fatigue quite beyond belief—a story that has been distorted by Anglo-Saxon historians unwilling to acknowledge the achievements of those not of their own race or religion.

When Cortes left Mexico for Spain in 1528, Nuño de Guzman was made governor of the great colony of New Spain. He was the first to hear by chance from a Tejas Indian the story of cities that lay to the north, seven in number, far away across a desert, in which whole streets were peopled by goldsmiths—a tale likely enough to stir the cupidity and interest of such a man as he. Such were the first reports to reach Spanish ears of the pueblo towns of New Mexico.

Various Indian legends seemed to confirm these tales and Guzman became so interested in the sub-

ject that he organised a poorly equipped expedition and set out to explore the wildernesses of northern Mexico in the province that was then called Nueva Galicia, now the Mexican state of Sonora. The

*Map of Early Explorations of the Southwest**

expedition founded settlements as it went as far as Culiacan but came nowhere near the Seven Cities.

In 1535, Antonio de Mendoza was sent out by the Emperor to replace Guzman and become first Viceroy of New Spain. In the following year,

* For larger reproduction of this same map, see inside lining of cover.

Cabeza de Vaca and his companions reached Mexico City after their wonderful Odyssey across the continent, from the Gulf of Mexico through the trackless wilds of Texas and northern Mexico, and they repeated the tales that they had also heard of the Seven Cities that lay to the north. Mendoza was a much higher type of man than Guzman, and much better able to find the proper person to explore this unknown region.

Several preliminary attempts again ended in failure but he finally selected the vice-commissioner-general of New Spain, Fray Marcos de Nizza as the man to carry out his purpose. The governor of Nueva Galicia at this time was Vasquez de Coronado (who also was to become famous), and the Viceroy instructed him to accompany Fray Marcos as far north as Culiacan.

Fray Marcos was truly a man well fitted for his mission. He had accompanied Pizarro on the conquest of Peru, and had been present at the death of Atahualpa. He was versed in the arts of cosmography and navigation and stood high in his order for his piety, sobriety, and virtue. When he left Culiacan for the north, he was accompanied only

by a single lay brother who promptly fell ill and was left behind, by the negro, Estevanico, who had accompanied Cabeza de Vaca in his wanderings, and by a few Pima Indians, who had come south with de Vaca's party and had since learned to speak some Spanish.

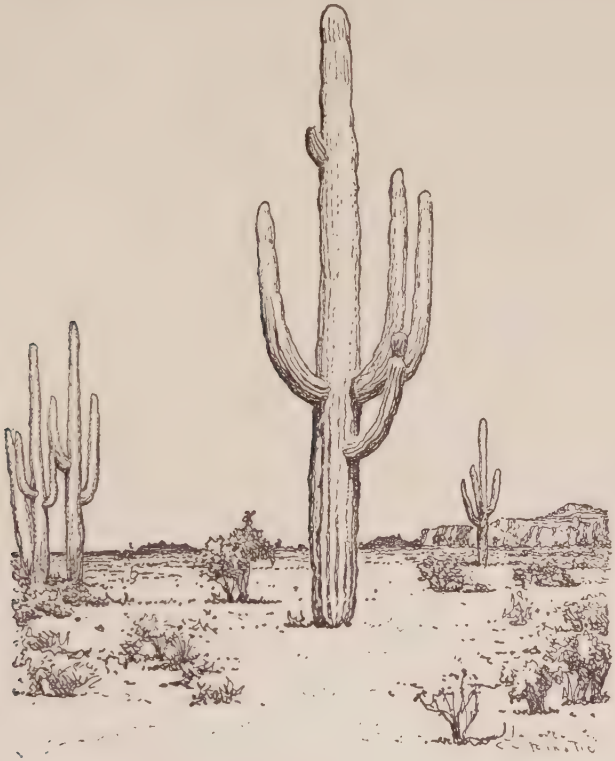
When Fray Marcos reached Vacapa near the entrance to the valley of the Sonora River, he rested for a while, sending the negro on ahead with instructions to report to him and inform him of his progress and to send him a cross, a palm in length if he discovered anything, and a cross two palms in length if he found a "great thing," and a large cross if he heard of a country "greater and better than New Spain." In four days came a messenger with a cross as high as a man and a wonderful tale of a country thirty days' journey to the north where there were seven cities made of houses, two, three or even four stories in height, whose doorways were incrusted with turquoise of which there were quantities in the region. These cities he called Cíbola, probably, according to Bandelier, a corruption of Shi-uo-na, the Zuñis' name for their own country.

So the fray set out again up the Sonora Valley,

greatly heartened, expecting at every moment to overtake Estevanico, who, however, had not waited but had pushed on ahead. Fray Marcos, as he proceeded, heard more alluring tales in which turquoises and gold figured large. At the head of the valley he threaded the hills over to the San Pedro River, or perhaps the Santa Cruz that almost parallels it, and crossed the border into what is now the United States—the first white man to do so by this land route.

Any one who knows Arizona can picture what Fray Marcos experienced. At first he descended the pleasant river valley where mesquites and willows shade the water that, in the spring, runs merrily along. Yuccas, magueys, and prickly-pear cactus varied the vegetation, while, now and then, tall saguaros reared their fluted columns like giant candelabra to lead him on. Occasionally he came upon villages where the Papagos, a tribe of the Pimas, lived then much as they do to-day and in which, surely enough, he found the women wearing strands of turquoise. Here, also, they told him of Cíbola and of its houses, and how they were made and reached from story to story by ladders, and they

showed him buffalo-robes, the "hide of a great ox with hair a finger thick."



"Tall saguaros reared their fluted columns"

Purple mountains, jagged and rugged in shape, fringed the horizon—the Santa Ritas and Santa

Catalinas—until he reached the Gila River, whose rugged cañon he ascended to the east, and then prepared to strike across what is now the Apache Reservation.

According to the Indians, fifteen days' march separated him from the Seven Cities of Cíbola. Many of the natives offered to accompany him, and he gladly accepted their services. On the 9th of May, 1539, he again set forth, absolutely alone except for his Indian escort, to cross the uninhabited wilderness that lay to the northeast. Now the shimmering desert of sage-brush and resinous greasewood was left behind and he advanced toward mountains, doubtless the Sierra Blanca, that still held their winter snows. Piñons and stunted cedars replaced the peculiar vegetation of the Arizona desert and his guides brought in game a plenty, rabbits and partridges that lived in the chaparral.

So all seemed to be going well, until one day an Indian, "his face and body all covered with sweat," suddenly met him and told him that the negro, Estevanico, pushing on ahead, had indeed reached Cíbola, but that he had been seized and thrust into

prison, while he himself had only escaped after having seen many of his companions put to death by the natives. Here, indeed, was a terrible blow for Fray Marcos. His escort had expected wealth for the asking and death alone seemed to await them. But the good friar was not wholly daunted and determined at least to see the city even if he could not enter it. So he cautiously advanced until within sight of the dull mud walls of the first of the Zuñi villages—doubtless Hawaikuh that lay "on a plain at the foot of a round hill and maketh show to be a fair city."

He raised a cross and took possession of the territory and then, daring no farther, sad-hearted, as he naïvely puts it, "me volví con harto mas temor que comida," turned south again with much more fear than victuals.

By the end of the summer he was back in Compostela, and submitted his report to Mendoza. It must have been a disappointment to the Viceroy, for the friar had found no trace of gold or silver, and had only seen a few turquoises. But his report grew in the telling, and the city that he had seen but had not entered assumed great proportions.

These exaggerations must not be laid wholly to the friar himself, even though he has been dubbed "the lying monk," but to the natural tendency of the Spaniards of that day to exaggerate their conquests and magnify their enemies, so that their credit in winning would be the greater.

With these stories of the Seven Cities passing from mouth to mouth, it is small wonder that a new expedition was speedily set on foot.

The Viceroy himself took the greatest interest in it, and soon raised an army of three hundred Spanish cavaliers—all well mounted and some with even two horses—a company of foot-soldiers, about eight hundred Indian allies, and a few culverins or light field-pieces. Coronado was made captain-general, and was instructed to assemble his army in Compostela early in the year 1540. The Viceroy came himself to pass them in review, and in March they set forth.

Fray Marcos accompanied the expedition as guide and adviser, thus showing that he really believed in the stories that were going about as far as he himself had instigated them. The historiographer of the party was Castañeda, who has given us the

best first-hand account of the expedition, though he himself was but a common soldier in the ranks.

On the 22d of April Coronado left Culiacan, which also had been Fray Marcos's starting-point, with an advance-guard of eighty horsemen and twenty-five foot besides Indians and negroes, leaving instructions for the main army to follow. He took Fray Marcos's trail up the Sonora Valley and down the San Pedro to the Gila. Hence it took him fifteen days to reach the Zuñi River. His horses suffered greatly from lack of grass, and his men from lack of provisions and, indeed, one cannot help but wonder how they ever crossed that desert at all, where, even now, men so often die of thirst.

But, in the beginning of July, they came in sight of Hawaikuh, the first of the Seven Cities of Cíbola, the same pueblo that Fray Marcos had seen at the base of its round hill against the dark profiles of the Zuñi Mountains. The Zuñis were prepared for them. They had sent away their women and children and, advised of Coronado's advance, had prepared stoutly to defend their homes.

A tough fight and a bitter one ensued. Coronado led his men in person, and his gilded armour and

waving plumes easily signalled him as a leader, so that he made a conspicuous target for hostile arrows. He was wounded several times, but after an hour's hot fighting the town was carried and all was over. The Indians dispersed and, with the Zuñis of the other towns, made for the inaccessible summit of Toyalone—Thunder Mountain, the home of their war-god. The stores of beans and corn found in the houses were a godsend to the famished Spanish soldiers and, for a time, the expedition rested and refreshed itself while their wounds healed and their horses fattened.

Meanwhile exploring parties visited the other Zuñi villages, but they must have been sorely disappointed with the results; for, instead of cities of gold and turquoise, they found only the terraced communal houses such as we know to-day with no treasure better than food and shelter. Pedro de Tovar with Fray Juan de Padilla, one of the outstanding figures among the early missionaries of New Mexico, went farther afield to the northwest and discovered the Moqui villages, that could so easily have been overlooked, so closely do they resemble the strange, erosive forms of nature that

surround them. In due time he rejoined Coronado at Hawaikuh.

In the meantime a young and handsome chieftain had presented himself to the captain-general with a group of his followers—Jemez Indians from Cicuye, the Pueblo of Pecos, far to the east—and had offered friendship and alliance. Coronado selected Alvarado and Fray Juan de Padilla with twenty men to accompany this chief back to Cicuye. They travelled due east, and on the fifth day came in sight of the great rock of Acoma, the most formidable of all the southwestern pueblos.

Fortunately, on this occasion, the Acomas came down to meet the Spaniards and, like the Moquis, crossed their hands in token of friendship. Alvarado did not go up into their rockbound city, but continued his march for several days, until he reached the Province of Tiguex, where a succession of twelve adobe villages lay in the vicinity of what is now Albuquerque. The Indians, seeing the Pecos chieftain with the white men, received them well, and Alvarado was so impressed with the beauty of this Rio Grande country that he sent a messenger back to Coronado advising him to make his winter quarters here.

Then he pushed on again to the northeast, and in five days reached Cicuye, lying at the foot of the first great peaks of the Rockies. Pecos was even then a flourishing pueblo in the form of a hollow square, surrounded by a stone wall and capable of mustering five hundred warriors. They hailed the white men with delight, escorting them into their village with drums and fife-like flutes.

Among others whom he met there, Alvarado encountered an Indian who dwelt in a country still farther to the east which he described in glowing terms. This man the Spaniards dubbed El Turco from his fancied resemblance to a Turk. Under his guidance they went out upon the great plains and saw for the first time, and to their wonder, the buffalo, but they decided to go no farther and, turning back, retraced their steps to Tiguex, where they found Coronado establishing winter quarters for his army.

El Turco was brought before the captain-general, and filled his credulous ears with wonderful tales of the Gran Quivira, a fabulous city of gold that lay in his own country far off to the east.

As soon as the winter was over, that is, on the

"The great rock of Acoma"

23d of April, 1541, Coronado decided to resume his march to the eastward and seek this famous city. With these wanderings we are not much concerned in this account. El Turco's pilotage was a traitorous one, for he hoped to lose this proud Spanish army on the great plains and see it perish there. At first he led it far to the southeast into Central Texas, then in a northerly direction to Kansas, and finally, when, after three months' wandering, Coronado did reach Quivira, he found only the teepees and wickiups of the Wichita Indians. Another bitter disappointment surely, for, despite fair trees and flowing rivers, no trace of gold or silver could be found—nothing but half-naked, hostile savages.

Sadly the army turned west again, and before winter set in was back in camp at Tiguex. During this winter there was much discontent among soldiers and officers. There was discontent, too, among the Indians, who had been deprived of their clothing to cover the white men and of their houses to shelter them.

In the early spring Coronado was riding at a game when his saddle-girth broke, and he was

thrown under a comrade's horse, suffering a terrible wound in the head that almost proved fatal. This delayed further exploration and dampened his courage to such an extent that he finally decided to abandon the expedition altogether and return with the army to Mexico. Fray Juan de Padilla with one soldier and two boys just entering holy orders remained behind, in the hope of converting the savages, but the brave friar only found his martyr's death—massacred out on the plains.

The dispirited army made its way back to the Zuñi villages and thence, by the route it had come, to northern Mexico. Discipline relaxed as it went, and parts straggled on by themselves. At last, attended only by a hundred followers, Coronado appeared, empty-handed, before the Viceroy with his tale of shattered hopes and nothing to show for the great journey on which he had started with such brilliant hopes.

Thus ended the first great expedition of conquest that entered the Southwest; so, in disgrace, ended the career of the last of the great Spanish *conquistadores*, a high-hearted, spirited man who had the courage, but not the luck, to have accomplished

anything. He left no colony in his wake, and at his departure, the natives relapsed into their old, accustomed ways.

The meagre fruits of this expedition discouraged further efforts to penetrate New Mexico for several decades.

Meanwhile gold-seekers had been pushing up along the central plateaus of Mexico in the Durango region and discovering mine after mine. With them came the missionaries, the Jesuits following the westerly side of the Tarahumares, the Franciscans the easterly side. Ranchmen and colonists followed them, so that by 1560 the Province of Nueva Galicia was settled, and the new Province of Nueva Viscaya (Chihuahua) was mapped out by Ibarra. Thus the Spanish settlements reached the Conchos River and, following down it, attained the Rio del Norte, the Rio Grande.

In 1581 three Franciscan missionaries started from Santa Barbara near the headwaters of the Conchos and, with nine soldiers as their escort, tramped a long and weary pilgrimage to the Rio Grande following up it all the way to Tiguex. What a voyage it must have been for the lonely little

band! The soldiers eventually made their way back to Mexico, but all three friars won their martyrs' crowns.

In the following year Antonio de Espejo started over the same route with fourteen men. He visited Acoma, the Zuñi and Moqui villages, then Pecos, following a new route down the Pecos River back to the Rio Grande. All he brought with him from this terrific journey was a little added geographical knowledge.

In 1597, the man who may be regarded as the real coloniser of New Mexico made his appearance upon the scene. He was a Mexican by birth, a native of Zacatecas, where his family owned exceedingly rich mines. But Juan de Oñate had dreams. He did not care for the life of a rich man's son. He was a true frontiersman and a born colonist. The government, discouraged by its fruitless attempts in the north, would back no further ventures; so Oñate, at his own expense, equipped an expedition to settle New Mexico. When his arrangements were completed, he set forth with some four hundred colonists, of whom more than a hundred took women and children with them,

besides eighty-three wagons and seven thousand head of stock.

Leaving the Conchos River trail to the east, he selected a new and direct route north from Santa Barbara until, on April 20, 1598, he came upon the Rio Grande, and ten days later, "on the day of the Ascension of the Lord," he took formal possession of New Mexico. On the 4th of May he found a ford by which he was able to cross the river, and he called this spot "El Passo del Rio." From that time on, this ford became the main gateway into New Mexico, and El Paso stands upon the very spot to-day.

Oñate followed the Rio Grande, which here turns northward, up to the Pueblo region, received the submission of the Indians and planted his first colony far up near the Chama River, which we shall visit later on. But this spot in the verdant Española Valley was too exposed to Indian attack; so in 1609 he transferred the infant colony to Santa Fé, la Ciudad Real de Santa Fé de San Francisco, which became the first permanent settlement in the new province. Thus, with the dawn of the seventeenth century under the viceroyalty of Gaspar

de Zuñiga, Count of Monterey (for whom the settlement in California was named), the Spanish may be said to have finally established themselves within the boundaries of the Southwest.

But for many years the settlements and rancherias around Santa Fé remained an isolated colony, separated from Mexico by hundreds of miles of arid wastes, and before this detached colony could be successful this great gap had to be filled. So the Franciscan missionaries kept creeping northward through Chihuahua, and the Jesuits extended their missions up through the Sonora region. Twice their work was cut off by Indian uprisings that destroyed everything. But the friars, indefatigable, returned to the task and builded anew, carrying on their proselyting with undiminished zeal.

Meanwhile the Santa Fé colonists, now fairly prosperous and numbering nearly three thousand, pushed their settlements southward down the valley of the Rio Grande, establishing missions at San Antonio de Senecú, at Socorro, and finally at El Paso itself.

In the new light shed upon the history of the Southwest by recent research, too much cannot be

said for the heroism, the high-hearted courage of these Spanish colonists, nor for the zeal and fervour of the missionaries who worked among the Indians, founding their missions alone hundreds of miles from a white man, until by 1680 there were no fewer than fifty well-built churches scattered throughout the Province of New Mexico.

Thus, during the seventeenth century the Spanish settlements grew in number and in strength. The treatment of the Indians seems to have been, in the main, kindly and humane. But the mere presence of the white men among them irritated these sons of the wilderness and stirred them to revolt. So that, in 1680, a great plot was hatched in which thirty-four Pueblo towns took part under the leadership of a Tegua Indian called Popé. The blow was to fall in every pueblo on the same day, August 11, a messenger going about with a knotted cord to indicate the time for the outbreak. Knowledge of the plot leaked out, however; so the Indians rose on the 10th, a terrible day indeed in the history of New Mexico, for twenty-one of the kind-hearted missionaries and four hundred colonists were massacred.

On the 15th of August hordes of Indians gathered to attack the city of Santa Fé itself. The governor, Antonio de Otermín, shut himself, with his devoted soldiers and all the colonists, in the historic governor's palace, where, after a week's desperate defence, they fought their way out and retreated, first to Isleta, where they found the settlers massacred or in flight, and then all the way down to El Paso, making of that place a base of operations for the reconquest of the revolted province.

Both Posada and Cruzate soon made brave attempts to win back the lost territory, but failed. In 1692 Diego de Vargas, a great soldier, marched back to Santa Fé, retook the city with only eighty-nine men and thoroughly subdued the natives. But when he returned again with colonists the Indians rose once more, but he stormed the town and put the Pueblos to flight. They retreated to the Black Mesa of San Ildefonso and there, upon its inaccessible summit, withstood a siege for nine months, but were finally worn out and surrendered. This was the last great uprising against the Spaniards, and for a century or more the colonies prospered, until trouble in Texas, culminating in

the siege of the Alamo that we have just reviewed, brought them to the verge of the Mexican War and New Mexico's annexation to these United States.

As we continue our journey we shall come, one by one, upon a number of places connected with this Spanish colonial history. We shall see at Juarez the mission of Guadalupe, founded by Father García after the conversion of the Mansos. We shall visit near Tucson the great church of San Xavier del Bac, the last of Father Kino's missions, built in the very valley that Fray Marcos's weary feet had trod. We shall read Castañeda's own account of the discovery of the Grand Cañon. At Acoma we shall rehearse the story of Zaldívar and the storming of that impregnable fortress, and around Albuquerque and Santa Fé we shall visit the pueblos that played such a prominent part in the history of Spanish colonisation, those of the Tiguex region and those in the lovely Española valley, as well as Taos, the last Spanish bulwark that faced the vast northern wilderness.

ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER

ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER

I

THE FRONTIER RIVER

HOW often, during the Mexican troubles, have we read despatches from places along the border, from Eagle Pass, Nogales, and especially from El Paso; how few of us can visualise these places or have more than the remotest idea of what they look like or the country that lies about them?

This border-land, after you have left behind the cattle-ranges of eastern Texas, consists, like other parts of our great Southwest, of vast table-lands stretching to infinite horizons, heaving here and there into long waves as if pressed by a giant hand, then breaking into jagged ledges, not coloured with the vivid hues of the Painted Desert, but grey and sinister and clothed only with scrubby

"Breaking into jagged ledges, grey and sinister"

clumps of mesquite and thickets of greasewood and chaparral. Often, however, yuccas rear aloft their slender spikes now hung like candelabra (*lámparas de Dios*, lamps of the Lord) with bell-shaped flowers, now denuded, dead, stiff and straight, and then so truly deserving their other appellation, "Spanish bayonets." Certain slopes so bristle with them that you can readily fancy vast armies hidden from view in lines of trenches.

Little life is to be seen in many an hour's run. Herds of cattle grazing in dry pastures; goats and sheep wandering in rocky creek beds—these are the commoner sights. Once in a while a drove of ponies will go scattering by, followed by men bestriding steeds whose coats glisten in the sun.

Along the horizon to the north rise blue buttes whose names—Horsehead Hills, Sierra del Diablo, and the like—suggest their fantastic outlines; while, to the south, the long, jagged mountains of Old Mexico string their purple silhouettes against the sky. Now and then a silver glint will mark the course of the border river, the murky Rio Grande, that flows quietly enough through its broad, green valley.

Yet for the past two years every mile of its shores, apparently so peaceful, has been carefully patrolled by American soldiers. At Alpine I spied the first little encampment of khaki-coloured tents; at Marfa

A Cavalry Camp near the Border

and Lobo squadrons of cavalry were quartered, while at Sierra Blanca still larger forces were gathered with long rows of horses picketed under temporary sheds. At Fort Hancock, the most important of these border stations, a park of tents

stood close to the railway station, while down in the valley officers' quarters and permanent barracks resembled children's toys, so vast was the scale of the landscape in which they are set.

Each little town shows its nearness to the border, for each has its Mexican quarter, plainly distinguishable by its one-story adobes, mud-coloured, windowless, alive with half-naked children. At the stations queer groups assemble, and an old man in a plaintive voice will querulously ask you: "*Naranjas y dulce—no quiere?*"

As you near El Paso you catch a glimpse, at Ysleta, of the venerable church, now hopelessly "restored," that was built away back in 1682 after the Pueblo uprising, and in a few minutes you rumble into the city itself.

II

EL PASO

EL PASO, as has been said, stands by the ford that Juan de Oñate found in 1598, and named El Passo del Rio. By some similar name it has since been known, and has, from that period, commanded the main highway between Old and New Mexico.

A presidio with soldiers and a mission with several friars assured the safety of this strategic point upon which Otermín and his followers were forced to fall back when they lost the Province of New Mexico in the Pueblo revolt. To attest these facts, the old mission church, begun in 1659, still stands over in Juarez, where the bulk of the settlers lived under the Spanish régime.

The site of the present-day American town long remained a ranch belonging to the Ponce de Leon family, whose great adobe hacienda, with its porti-

coes and square pillars, stood upon the very spot where the new Mills Building now rears its twelve stories. After the American occupation El Paso became a terminal point on the old Overland Trail from St. Louis to San Francisco, and the rumbling stage-coaches brought life and glitter to the saloons and gambling-joints of the Calle El Paso. The last half century has again vastly changed all this, and the border town has been completely submerged in the steady march of modern improvement.

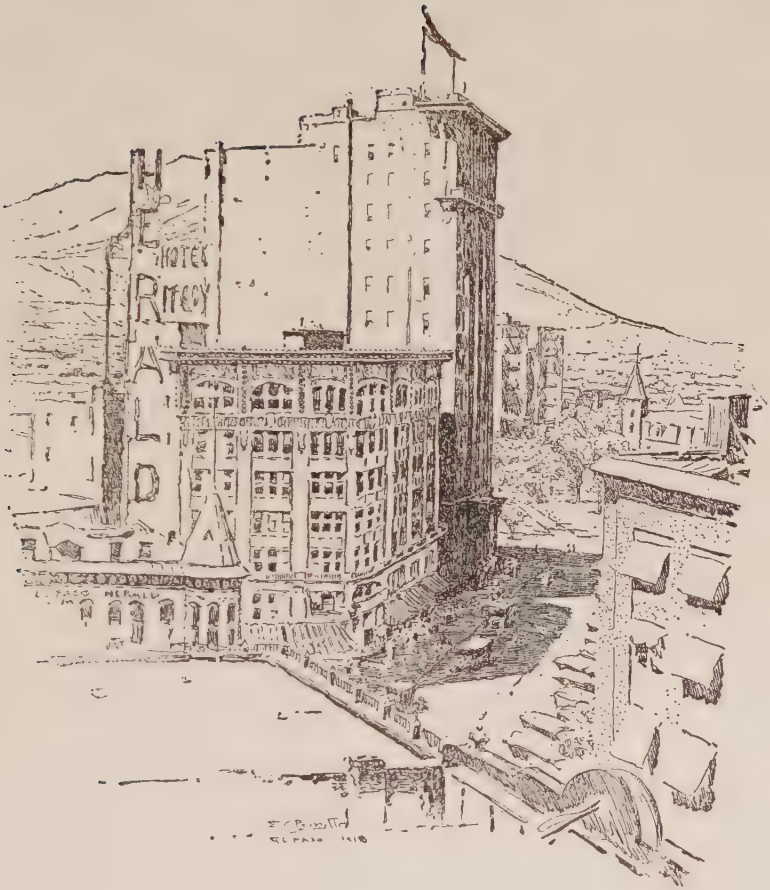
Pioneer Plaza remains the centre of the city's activities, to be sure, but upon it, instead of humble adobe homes and tawdry shops, front two great hotels, the "largest all-concrete building in the world," and several big department stores which display the very latest fashions. Though generally low-built, the city suddenly and most unexpectedly heaves aloft into sky-scrapers—one of them no less than sixteen stories high, a luxury that neither Paris nor London has yet deemed necessary—so that the city seems to be suffering from growing pains like a lad all legs and no chest, but the making withal of a fine, healthy man.

And El Paso, after all, is a man's city. I rode

the first evening with a friend to the top of the mesa that overlooks the town. Behind us towered the rocky precipices of Mount Franklin, bald, rugged, treeless. Below, the city lay spread out, substantially built of brick and stone, with little patches of green gardens adjoining almost every house.

The few tall sky-scrapers that I have mentioned heaved their bulk above the general mass and marked the centre of the city, while beyond them, toward the river, the chimneys of factories and mills, foundries and railroad shops belched their smoke into the air. Behind us, through a cleft in the mountain, the yellow-grey fumes of the great smelter tainted the atmosphere that otherwise is of a virgin purity. Evidently there is work a-plenty, and these chimneys give an impression of vigour, coupled with rugged strength, which impression is enhanced by a glance at the landscape that stretches to a limitless horizon—a rugged nature to battle with, indeed, treeless, parched, and baked by an ardent sun and watered only by the most infrequent rains.

But in this desolation the eye is at once arrested by a broad, green valley that stretches off toward



Looking Down on Pioneer Plaza, El Paso

Ysleta, a verdant Eden, a land of orchards and vineyards, of vast fields of alfalfa, of humble beans and onions. Man, hunting and hoarding nature's water-supply and storing it in great dams and reservoirs, like Roosevelt and Elephant Butte, to be carefully used for irrigation, is gradually pushing back the desert and reclaiming arid wastes that have been left dry and thirsty ever since the glacial waters receded, centuries ago. So is man battling the wilderness, and from a stern and forbidding nature extracting wealth and comfort.

And the result of his efforts is apparent in the homes of the city, substantial dwellings, often well designed, and in some cases quite palatial. It is seen, too, in the well-equipped hospitals, libraries, and clubs, as well as in the asphalt-paved streets, whose characteristic nomenclature again expresses the spirit of the place, for they are named, not Palm Avenue nor Orange Boulevard, but for the sister frontier States.

Topping lower mesas than the one on which we stood, we could see new residential colonies where young people in white played tennis or mowed the lawns or chatted across dividing walls—a fine,

hardy-looking race, living in the open and finding health and exhilaration in this wonderful dry air, nearly four thousand feet above the sea.

Do you want a contrast to this picture? Then take a motor or common street-car marked "Mexico" and rumble across the Rio Grande upon a bridge, mostly wooden, that scarcely seems able to withstand the eddying floods.

A sentry and a group of grey-uniformed men lounging in the shade greet you with a not unfriendly grin, representatives, when I went over, of Villa's authority, but of whose, when these lines are read, who can say? Beyond them you come upon army headquarters with another group of soldiers, whence a bugle-call resounds from time to time. Opposite stands the house that Villa occupies whenever he comes to Juarez and, almost adjoining it, the theatre where many of his important conferences have taken place.

Ciudad Juarez a few years ago was a thriving enough Mexican town, deriving a rather large if illicit revenue from gambling-joints, a cockpit, a bull-ring, and a jockey club, whose activities would not be tolerated on the American side of the river.

But the various revolutions have crippled it sorely. At every turn you come upon ruins—houses riddled with bullet holes or breached with shot and shell; a public library razed to the ground, a mere heap of stones; a post-office badly damaged; and, opposite the Juarez monument, a brick building, roofless, with gaping walls and windows, behind which the Huertistas had hidden until they retreated to the bull-ring, where they were taken prisoners and shot.

Despite the three revolutions through which the town has passed, and of which it has been the hotbed, the main business street remains more or less normal though Maderista, Huertista, and Villista have, turn by turn, fought up and down its length.

It leads to the principal square, the Plaza de la Paz (cynical name), whose faded gardens, dusty trees, and lounging figures form a striking contrast to the lush verdure and general air of prosperity of San Jacinto Square over in El Paso. Looking down upon its dingy avenues stands the old mission church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, now, as it has been for almost three centuries, the solace and comfort of the poor, distracted people, calling them, with its

Church of the Guadalupe, Ciudad Juarez

cracked bells, to the peace and quiet of its simple nave.

So it called the Indian neophytes; so it called the Garcías, the Lopez, the Ramirez, the Bacas, and the Fuentes whose names appear in its baptismal records even prior to 1680; so it called Otermín's sore-tried followers when they reached this haven of refuge after their terrifying flight from Santa Fé.

Vetancurt, in his "Menologio," relates the following highly characteristic stories of the building of the church: There was no timber at hand with which to construct it, and none known in the vicinity. So the good Fray García, greatly perplexed, offered up a prayer for aid and counsel. Immediately some Indians appeared and led him but a short league and a half away, and there stood a beautiful pine grove that supplied all the wood necessary.

Again, while the convent was building, Fray Blas remarked that there were many more cells than friars. Then Fray García, it is said, prophesied the Pueblo revolt, and further foretold what soon proved to be the truth, that the cells would be far too few for those who would have to dwell in them!

The same authority thus records the dedication services:

On the bank of the Rio del Norte, at the pass, in the year 1659 . . . he [Fray García] built a monastery, where are housed thirty religious, with a very capacious church dedicated to Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe Mexicana. In 1668, on January 15, the second Sunday after Epiphany, it was dedicated with much solemnity by the Reverend Father Juan Talaban, the custodian assisting and his secretary preaching. That day, by these religious, were baptised one hundred persons; at one door the men, and at another the women, and in the middle of the church they married them.*

Wars have spared the old church intact. It retains its fine old choir gallery, its original *vigas*, or ceiling-beams, carved by primitive Indian workmen from the timber of the heaven-sent pine forest, its flat mud roof, and, most interesting of all, a "Lady of Sorrows" that stands at the right of the high altar—a striking figure, evidently sent over from Spain in the old days—an effigy of the Virgin crowned with gold and wearing the full-skirted,

* Hughes: "Spanish Settlement in the El Paso District."

black-brocaded costume of the time of Velasquez, with a finely chiselled, pathetic face and realistic hands that hold a rich lace handkerchief.

With the custodian, an "English soldier of fortune," as he styled himself, I ascended the bell-tower and looked down upon the flat-roofed city of sun-baked brick and upon the market near by, where men in peaked straw hats were bartering and selling, where toothless old women in black sat at meagrely stocked stalls, and patient burros received and discharged their loads—a typical picture, I thought, of quaint old Mexico.

Then the electric car took me over the second international bridge, at whose far end refugees were opening their trunks for the inspection of the customs officers. In an instant I was transported to the bustle of El Paso's busy streets and sitting in the gilded splendour—too gilded and too splendid, I fear—of her "million-dollar hotel," whose lobbies, despite their Waldorfian atmosphere, emanated a distinct air of confabulation with their closely seated groups of young American engineers from Sonora, mingled with knots of dark-skinned Mexicans talking in whispers with gesticulating

forefingers and an air of intense, if suppressed, excitement.

And the khaki-clad soldiers whom I constantly met upon the streets and in the cars were so many reminders of Uncle Sam's watchfulness. They are quartered, for the most part, up at Fort Bliss, which, indeed, is the army headquarters of the entire border patrol. It lies about five miles northeast of the city, on high ground known as the North Mesa, a healthy situation but one that exposes it to the fury of the sand-storms and to the winds that sweep up from the desert. The older barracks, of red brick with arcaded façades, front on one side of a long parade-ground, while the other side is occupied by the officers' quarters, the newer ones of an attractive Spanish type. Beyond this parade is a permanent camp for cavalry—dun-coloured tents boxed in for winter, row upon row in impressive numbers, sheltering troop after troop of cavalrymen.

They are a businesslike-looking lot, these border troopers, whose yellow hat cord alone distinguishes them from the infantry that they disdain. Their language is "full of strange oaths" and picturesque

in the extreme. For example, one told me that "a lot of the fellows got tied up with the spiggity women," that is, married Mexicans, and his comrade added: "I married a spiggity and I wouldn't change her for any d——d white woman. She'll do as she's told—never go out to a show unless I tell her to, and she'll be faithful, too." The Mexican men they despise and call "spicks."

There is a rough crowd of these "spicks" down by the Great Smelter that belches its volumes of yellow smoke in a pall that dims the sun—a vast plant which is said to turn out one-fifteenth of the entire American copper supply, with an annual pay-roll of a million dollars. It lies up the river at quite a distance from the city. To reach it you cross over the railroad tracks by a viaduct, from which you look across the river upon a handsome thicket of trees, the Grove of Peace, so called because within its shade representatives of Madero and Diaz met to draw up their articles of peace.

The friend with whom I took this drive had seen Madero lead his men out of the arroyo just beyond prior to his attack upon Juarez, the first blow against the Diaz régime, and he graphically de-

scribed the scene: the long columns issuing from behind the sand-hills and forming along the river bank; the men watering their horses or inspecting

The Smelter Near El Paso

their arms and ammunition, while Madero drew up his battle line.

His sympathisers on the El Paso side of the river, which is here little more than a hundred feet wide, threw him food, tobacco, and other little luxuries, so close are the river banks to each other. And I then realised fully, for the first time, why stray

shots fired from the Mexican side can do so much damage in El Paso itself—a fact that always puzzled me before.

The smelter is a Guggenheim plant—one of the largest, I believe—and by it, along the river, in a Mexican village of considerable size, live the "spicks" that furnish its three eight-hour shifts (it works day and night), a hard-looking lot that sometimes give real trouble to the local authorities in spite of the influence of a church that tops a mountain of slag in rather picturesque fashion, dominating the troglodytic huts of the workers.

Upon a mountain opposite, a conspicuous stone marks a triple boundary—Texas, New Mexico, and Old Mexico—for the Rio Grande, turning northward here, ceases to form the Mexican frontier.

III

SAN XAVIER DEL BAC

WHEN you leave El Paso for the west, to follow farther along the border, you go out by the evening train over the big viaduct that spans the valley and the river near the Smelter.

You awake next morning in Arizona, and if you wake early enough you may alight at Tucson. I decidedly counsel you to do so, for the town itself is pleasant and you may also see the old mission church of San Xavier del Bac that lies a few miles to the south—the handsomest (and I say it advisedly), the most complete and extensive Spanish mission within the boundaries of the United States.

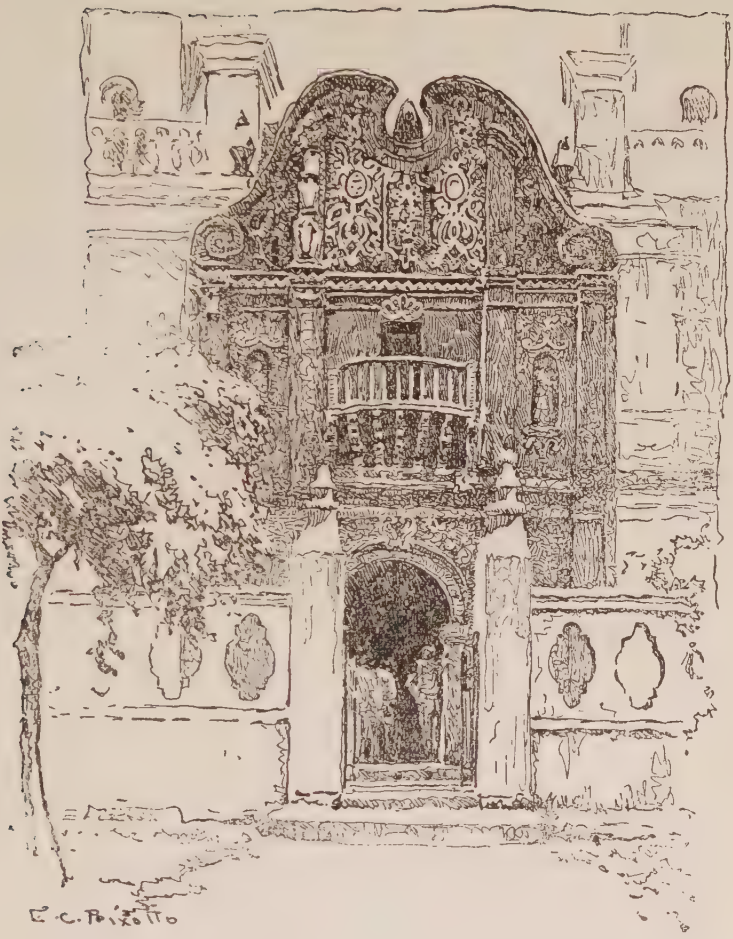
Had it chanced to be in some other portion of our country, better advertised, pamphlets about it would have been spread broadcast through the land and its praises sung in verse and story.

Yet there it stands, alone and unvisited, in the wastes of the Arizona desert, unsung and almost unknown!

I was met at the train by a cultivated gentleman who had travelled much, and to his companionship I owe the rarest part of the pleasure of my visit to San Xavier.

To reach it we took a motor and crossed through the city's parked and palm-bordered streets to the banks of the Santa Cruz River. Here we struck the desert—but the desert in all the glory of its radiant sky, its shimmering landscape swimming in light, its veil of dryness, its thickets of mesquite, and its tall *sahuaros* or giant cacti fluted like Corinthian columns and, like them, swelling only at the centre with an almost imperceptible entasis—a desert girt about by mountains: to the northeast the Santa Catalinas with the sun polishing their dolomites and Devonian rocks; to the eastward the Sierra el Ringon; to the south the Santa Ritas, high and pink; while to the westward towered the bald Tucson ranges.

These are the mountains that Fray Marcos saw, and this is probably the very valley through



Main Portal, San Xavier del Bac

which he plodded his way from Sonora to the Seven Cities of Cíbola; these are the burning sands that blistered his feet as he trudged the weary miles.

Standing quite apart, occupying the foreground of the picture, rises Tumamoc Hill, with its top flattened, some say artificially by a prehistoric race, and still showing traces of fortifications. On one of its lower slopes the Carnegie Institute for the study of desert plants has been built, so interesting is the flora hereabouts. And as we skirted the Serretas my companion showed me the strange plants and flowers and the great companies of giant cacti, some sixty feet high, that pointed their arms heavenward.

Then at a turn of the road a fair vision suddenly appeared silhouetted against the Santa Rita Mountains: twin towers, white as snow, and extensive buildings, also white, but so tender and tenuous as to be almost lost, like a mirage of the Orient, in this vast, palpitating desert.

Then we came upon Indian huts, homes of the Papagos, a tribe of the Pimas, who never have wandered and live to-day as their ancestors lived when found by the Spaniards centuries ago. Be-

fore the doors stood primitive ovens and *ollas* propped on sticks to catch the cooling breeze. A dog roused himself from sleep to stare at us—rare passers-by.

It was a Sunday morning, so few figures appeared, for all were over yonder in the great church. As we approached it I saw, hitched along its wall, buggies and horses with high-pommelled Mexican saddles. And the grandeur of the old pile now struck me with amazement—its curved parapets, its great dome, its towers and their flying buttresses of daring design gleaming snow-white against the quivering sky. To the right stretched extensive *viviendas*, dwellings for the living; to the left the hallowed *campo santo* enclosed by walls, resting-place for the dead.

The vast, simple wall spaces have recently been coated with a skin of white plaster that may strike you as glaring and new, but a few years of weathering will remedy this. The main portal has been left intact and still glows with the coral shades that travel in gamuts of pink and pale browns through pilaster and string-course and intricate ornaments that show the same unmistakable handi-

craft of the Indian stonecutter, led by the Spanish designer, that one finds in the great churches of Mexico and Peru.

Grouped about the door that morning stood a crowd of men, with dark, sun-beaten faces, peering in at the glittering candles that graced the high altar. Quietly we stepped, my companion in black and I, within the portal, and I rubbed my eyes. Was I really upon our own American soil, or was this not some Andean church on the table-lands of Titicaca?

Near the door, in reverent attitudes, knelt groups of Indians, and seated before them, in rough pews, were others, the women with black shawls drawn over their heads, the children moving about the aisles, the men, bareheaded, in their clean Sunday shirts. Above their heads, in the pulpit, a priest in embroidered vestments was exhorting them in Spanish. As my eyes wandered aloft they rested on domed surfaces; on windows, deep-set, sifting the sunlight to softer tones; on frescoes and painted vaults; while behind the high altar towered a great reredos occupying the entire chancel wall, carved and gilded, spreading its statued niches one above

Interior, San Xavier del Bac

another, and in the transepts other great *retablos* could be dimly seen.

This impression of magnificence lingers even after closer examination, for the church is truly a stately pile worthy to grace any rugged plain in Old Castile. Viewed from the arcaded courts of the *viviendas*, where the sisters still teach the Indian children, it has a distinctly Oriental—almost a Saracenic aspect, glittering white against the deep-blue sky. A calvary stands upon a neighbouring hill; there is a quiet *campo santo;* about cluster the humble abodes of the Papago Indians—everywhere else stretches the desert, sun-baked, sleeping for thirst.

And, as I sat there, I thought of the man who made this noble church of the desert possible—one of those quiet missionaries, "indefatigable workers in the vineyard of the Lord," who toiled over the burning alkali sands to save a few poor Indians.

What Father Junipero Serra was to California, Father Kino was to Sonora and southern Arizona. Little has been known of him until very recently, when new light has been thrown upon his work and personality by research among the Mexican

archives. Born in Trent, in the Austrian Tyrol, in 1644, Eusebio Kino was given every advantage of education, and made a brilliant record at Freiburg and Ingolstadt. At twenty-five he went through a very grave illness that completely changed the current of his thoughts. Upon his recovery he added Francisco to his name and became animated with excessive zeal to work for the conversion of the infidels, preferring to go to the Far East. But he was sent to Mexico instead, and went to Sonora, arriving at Los Ures in February, 1687. From the outset he met with success, founding one after another a chain of twenty-nine missions in the Sonora Valley and in southern Arizona.

The first, the mother of all his churches, was Nuestra Señora de los Dolores—our Lady of Sorrows—about a hundred miles south of Tucson. He had established several others when, one day, he was visited at Dolores by some Pima Indians who besought him to come to their pueblo, Guebavi, in the upper Santa Cruz Valley and establish a mission there. He granted their request, and thus founded the first mission to stand on Arizona soil.

From here he visited the Papagos at Tumacacori

"It has a distinctly Oriental aspect"

and founded there the mission of San José, the imposing ruins of whose church, completed at a much later date, still stand in melancholy grandeur, lost in the solitude of the desert. The Indians told him of great ruins not far away—Casa Grande—so he toiled across the sands to see this imposing remnant of a prehistoric race, saying mass in the principal room, hence marking it with a cross upon his map here reproduced—his own tabula of the country in which he worked so long and so ardently.

This map shows his chain of missions: Dolores, between 30 and 31 degrees, with Los Remedios near it; Cocospera farther north, then Guebavi, San Cayetano, and San Xavier del Bac with Casa Grande marked upon the Gila River.

In his "Relacion," he states that, in twenty-one years, he made "more than forty expeditions to the north, west, northwest, and southwest of fifty, eighty, one hundred, two hundred or more leagues, sometimes accompanied by other fathers, but most of the time with only my servants . . . and I have penetrated to the borders and in plain sight of the Apachería which intervenes between this extensive Pimería and the Provinces of Moqui and Zuñi."

Father Kino's "Tabula Californiæ"

He also explored to the west along the lower Colorado, and did more than any one else to explode the still persistent belief that California was an island. What rugged strength, what courage and endurance these repeated *entradas* meant, only those who know the Arizona desert can realise.

His were the first expeditions up the valley of the Santa Cruz (which he calls the Santa María), since the days of Fray Marcos and Coronado. He found the Pima Indians docile and eager to learn his teachings, welcoming him to their villages, "with arches and with crosses placed on the road," and giving him their "little ones to baptise" in great numbers.

One of his last missions was this at San Xavier del Bac, the only one on American soil, I believe, in which services are still held. After his death at his beloved Dolores in 1711, San Xavier was thrice attacked and ravaged by the Indians, especially by savage bands of Apaches, but each time the patient Jesuits returned and began their work anew. Then came the edict expelling the Jesuit order from Spanish dominions and the quiet Franciscans came to take up their labours, building the

great edifice that we see to-day. But they, too, fell under the ban of the new-born republican government, and in 1827 were expelled from Sonora, and the missions that they had founded, like those in California, fell into disuse and ruin.

THROUGH ARIZONA

THROUGH ARIZONA

I

TUCSON TO THE GRAND CAÑON

TUCSON is not by any means the frontier town that one would imagine it. Its streets are broad and straight, newly paved in the heart of the city and parked in the residential districts. Its shops are thriving and well kept; its homes most attractive, adopting either the mission or bungalow type, smothered in masses of flowers and blossoming vines, and set on lawns shaded by pepper-trees, palms, and oleanders.

No hint of the desert is here until you reach the suburbs, at whose limits, as in parts of southern California, stretch the parched sands, infinite, unbroken, grey with grama-grass and sage-brush. But wherever water can be tapped, as in the Santa Cruz Valley, where the Tucson Farms Company has redeemed miles of arid wastes, barley, wheat,

alfalfa, corn, and vegetables grow in almost incredible abundance.

There are well-appointed clubs in the town, and, when the obliging and enthusiastic young secretary of the Chamber of Commerce motored me out a few miles beyond the city, I was surprised to find a Country Club—a delightful new institution, well-appointed in every respect, with a cool, grey living-room furnished in the best of taste appropriate to the climate and environment, and overlooking a golf course whence the men were just coming in to luncheon after playing their eighteen holes with the thermometer marking one hundred and two degrees.

This was in June, but the air was so devoid of humidity, that I am sure I felt less discomfort than on many a "sticky" day in New York with the temperature at eighty degrees. The winters here, of course, are springlike, with cool, crisp mornings and warm, sunshiny days. What rain there is falls in the late summer, so Tucson enjoys a rare outdoor climate and, of course, is frequented as a health resort in the winter and spring months.

For educational purposes the city boasts of two

A Tucson Home

schools, an excellent Public Library, the Botanical Laboratory that I have already mentioned, and the State University occupying fourteen buildings, and

specialising on its Schools of Mines and Agriculture.

As one scans the desert roundabout, one would little suspect that lost in the ledges of the mountains yonder—the Santa Ritas, the Catalinas, and the Ringon—stand virgin forests where campers can lead an ideal life, hunting and fishing, only sixteen miles by road, and another dozen by trail from the city's streets.

As far as Tucson, we have followed one of the main lines of the Southern Pacific, the Sunset Route, all the way from New Orleans. Most travellers will now keep on west and, by taking the evening train, wake up next morning in the balmy air of California.

This is another story, of which I have given my impressions in "Romantic California." So at this point let us strike northward across Arizona to join the main line of the Santa Fé. There are two ways to accomplish this: one, the short road, starting at Maricopa and going by rail via Phœnix to Ash Fork; the other, longer, from Bowie by train to Globe, thence by auto-stage, a distance of a hundred and twenty miles, to Phœnix by way of

the Salt River Valley. This latter is, of course, the finer scenically.

Both roads include the trip from Phœnix to Ash Fork—a splendid opportunity to study the Arizona

An Arizona Landscape

landscape in all the perfection and variety of its many aspects. First you pass through the verdant and beautiful Salt River Valley, whose orchards are made possible by irrigation from the Roosevelt Dam; then through the bare hills and cactus-grown *quebradas* of rich mining districts;

then, nearer Prescott, you thread deep cañons where fantastic pinnacles and boulders mark the way up to Ash Fork.

Along the road lie some well-known health resorts much frequented in winter and spring. A dear friend of mine passed a season not long ago at one of these havens of rest, and thus describes it:

This particular spot is twenty-five miles from any railroad, reached by a long drive through great, brown, rocky hills, through forests of cactus, through dried-up river beds and fantastic cañons, and then you come to a little oasis among the desert mountains all made possible by a spring that gushes red-hot from the rocks and irrigates the garden and lets us have fountains and big shade-trees. All winter long we have had the birds singing about us, brilliant sunshine and sweet, dry air straight from heaven.

We ride the desert ponies over trails that would make a chamois giddy, and never before have I known what liberty really was. Nowhere is a sign of a human being, nothing but the blue of heaven above you, the turquoise shadows on the horizon and all around the wonderful silence of the desert. It is a marvellous country, but you would never

want to live here. Nature seems to have no use for man, and you can never get very friendly with her. But it is a great land to visit.

Christmas Day I sat on a coroner's jury, a method of celebrating that festival which is, as far as I can

Mexican Jacal

remember, quite new to me. A man died unconventionally in a cabin up in a cañon not far from here, and we went up and said so. We took the oath sitting on a bar among the bottles, while chickens pecked about the floor and burros looked in at the door. So they buried him in the creek bed, and put big stones on top so the coyotes couldn't dig him up. We see a good deal of life with the

bark still on and have found out it isn't all in the story-books.

People happen in here from all parts of the world, and it is interesting to hear their experiences. There is an English major who has been through the Matabele War—you would know he was an English major if you saw him tarred and feathered; there are mining men from the Andes, and hunters from the mountains in Wyoming—men whose home is the great out-of-doors. When you once succumb to the out-of-doors habit, nothing else will do.

And truly, this radiant Southwest is our great land of out-of-doors.

At Ash Fork stands one of the Santa Fé's excellent hotels, the Escalante, named for a Franciscan monk who journeyed through here, and just beyond, at Williams, en route for the Grand Cañon, you may put up at the Fray Marcos, named for that brave friar, Marcos de Nizza, whose footsteps (though he never trod this particular region) we were following back near Tucson.

II

THE GRAND CAÑON—AN IMPRESSION

WHEN I visited the Grand Cañon for the first time some years ago, we had just returned from a trip to South America, and I feared that, after having seen the vast *quebradas* of the mighty Andes—the chasms worn by those terrible workers, the mountain rivers, in the soft limestone—I feared, I say, that this new wonder, of which I had heard so much, might be dwarfed by comparison.

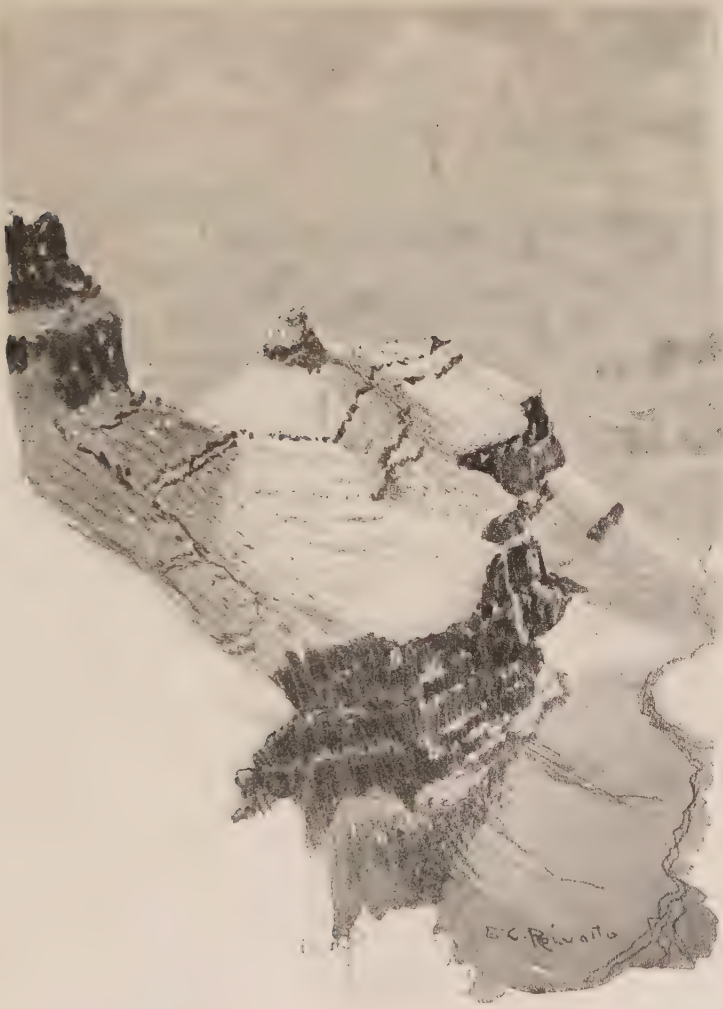
We arrived toward sunset, and, from the desolate plain that had stretched unbroken from Williams, approached the river and looked over into that prodigious abyss. There was never an instant of doubt. Here was the mightiest chasm of them all—without a peer, without a rival. Freaks of nature as such, do not appeal to me, but here was one, gigantic, awesome as it is, that holds a spell

like none other—a spell to enthrall the artist with its bewildering gamuts of colour that travel through the entire spectrum, with its fantastic conformations, its pinnacles and architectural forms, and the blue depths of its multitudinous lateral cañons; a spell to enthrall the geologist with the history of its creation written upon its face for him to read; a spell for the poet with the mysterious recesses of its unparalleled depths, its strange chaotic forms and terrible brooding atmosphere; a spell for the mere looker-on in its vast sense of space and the mere size, eluding all mensuration, of its countless cliffs and crags.

Such was my first impression.

Next morning the mists had settled within its depths and hidden them from view. But as the sun mounted and touched them with its gilded rays, these vapours rose in long filaments between whose rifts colours and forms became distinguishable until, as at the touch of a magic wand, the cañon lay serene, sunning its terraces, its crags, its spires in the warm caress of the morning.

And then I sat for hours under the pine-trees at Yavapai to note its varied detail—its groups of



"Looked over into that prodigious abyss"

templed peaks named for the deities of mythology: Wotan's Throne, Krishna's Shrine, Tower of Sett,

"The cañon lay serene"

and the Temples of Vishnu, Zoroaster, Osiris, Isis, and Horus. I noted too, the Indian Gardens some

three thousand feet below me, with their thread of green along the Bright Angel Trail that zigzags down the plateau to plunge off again to mistier depths where the Colorado River, a mile below, winds its way through walls of black gneiss nearly a thousand feet in height.

And the colour of it all! The deep purples down at the bottom of the abyss; the variegated strata of quartzites; the sandstones, grey-green and mottled with brown; the alcoved limestone walls higher than the Eiffel Tower, stained brilliant red by the winter storms; the grey taluses that touch the feet of ranges of upper crags, rosy and fading into grey, and finally, on top, the pinnacles of pale Aubrey limestone, bluish and colourless, that unite the dark depths with the ineffable blue of the sky.

And, as I sat sucking the juniper-berries from which the Indians make their gin, I thought of the savages now departed that once dwelt along its rim, and of the first white men who beheld this river's rift, and how they groped, just as we do, for words adequately to express their feelings.

When Pedro de Tovar (for whom the big hotel yonder was named) returned to Hawaikuh from

his expedition among the Moquis, he related to Coronado stories that he had heard of a fine tribe of Indians, the Mojaves, who dwelt along a great river that lay to the west. Coronado immediately despatched García Lopez de Cardenas with twelve companions to explore the region, and this is Castañeda's account of what they found:

After they had gone twenty days' march they came to the banks of the river, which are so high that from the edge of one bank to the other appeared to be three or four leagues in the air.* The country was elevated and full of twisted pines, very cold and lying open to the north. . . .

They spent three days on this bank looking for a passage down to the river, which looked from above as if the water were six feet across, although the Indians said it was half a league wide. It was impossible to descend for, after these three days, Captain Melgosa and one Juan Galeras and another companion, who are the three lightest and most agile men, made an attempt to go down at the least difficult place, and went down until those who were above were unable to keep sight of them.

* An ambiguous sentence which reads thus in the original: "Llegaron a las barrancas del rio que puestos a el lado de ellas pareçia al otro bordo que avia mas de tres ó quatro leguas por el ayre."

They returned about four o'clock in the afternoon, not having succeeded in reaching the bottom on account of the great difficulties which they found, because what seemed to be easy from above was not so, but instead very hard and difficult.

They said they had been down about a third of the way, and that the river seemed very wide . . . and they thought the Indians had given the width correctly. Those who stayed above had estimated that some huge rocks on the sides of the cliffs seemed to be about as tall as a man, but those who went down swore that when they reached these rocks they were bigger than the great tower of Seville.

An excellent description of these deceptive crags and distances, you will agree. No feature of the cañon is more misleading than this utter lack of sense of dimension where a single crag will duplicate the height of the tallest building in New York, where a single *quebrada* could easily swallow the largest edifice in our country!

For centuries after its discovery the cañon slept the sleep of ages practically unvisited, though a ford, still called the Vado de los Padres, tells us that some intrepid adventurer, some wandering

missionary, got down to the murky river, and found a way across.

The Sitgreaves expedition and that undertaken by the War Department under Lieutenant Ives made partial explorations, but it was not until 1869, when Major Powell undertook his wonderful trip, that the cañon was wholly explored.

So, aloof, the Grand Cañon remained until this, our own generation, far from white settlements, cut off from any regular lines of human communication by miles of mountain and desert. Now, with its big hotel and its easy access by rail, it is visited annually by caravans of tourists.

THE PUEBLOS NEAR ALBUQUERQUE

THE PUEBLOS NEAR ALBUQUERQUE

I

LAGUNA AND ACOMA

BY a special dispensation I had arranged to have No. 8 stop at Laguna. Otherwise I should have had to go on to Albuquerque and return from there, thus losing a whole day. So, as the big train slowed down, I stood with the conductor on the steps of the Pullman and he handed me my bags when I alighted. The station-master came forward, surprised, and I asked him if a conveyance for which I had telegraphed ahead had come. He had not seen it, he said; but, when we looked about, we discovered an automobile and a man awaiting me.

The new station at Laguna lies several miles from the pueblo. I knew that conditions were

still primitive there, so I asked my driver: "Is there any place where I can stay in town?" He thought a moment and then replied: "Well, I think I can persuade my old woman to take you in." And so it was agreed.

When we had crossed the last little ridge the old Indian village lay below sunning its cream-coloured houses in the bright noonday. We left it to the right, however, and bumped down toward a small group of buildings that clustered around the old station abandoned a few years ago when the railroad straightened out its track and left the Indian town far from its whistling trains.

My companion stopped his machine by a tumble-down fence and led the way through a semi-abandoned yard or garden to a long, rambling house made of adobe, picturesque to be sure, but certainly not very inviting as a place of residence. The interior was no more reassuring—in fact, was even worse. They—the family consisted of father, mother, and six small children—were preparing to move their possessions and all was in disorder. But the wife cooked me some lunch and afterward escorted me to my room in a wing of the house oc-

cupied by her mother, a full-blooded Indian. This apartment was spotlessly clean and well kept, for it seems that one of the older daughters had been to school, had become a teacher, and, with her earnings, had provided these newly furnished quarters for her grandmother.

My room was very Spanish in character. The thick walls and deep reveals at window and door were washed with that queer cold blue that the Latin-Americans invariably call *azul*. Over the bed was a niche with a rosary and a saint and some pictures, religious in character, similar to those always seen in Spanish countries. An ornate iron bed, a big chest of drawers, some Navajo rugs, a wash-stand with gayly painted bowl and pitcher completed the furniture. The aspect of the room quite reassured me and changed the whole picture, so that I determined not to hasten my visit in any way.

When the sun had dropped a bit, I wandered quite alone over toward the old Indian town, and spent a few hours with my sketch-book. It was all quite silent save for a dog that barked now and then or some ragged urchins who hovered round

me calling out repeatedly as I worked: "Take-a-picture, take-a-picture."

The rude, squarish houses, perched upon rocky ledges stood upon each others' shoulders, so to speak, irregularly mounting the hill, their projecting *vigas* or roof-beams casting long shadows that striped the creamy walls with lavender. Behind me lay a valley where a dryish river wound its sluggish way through sand-bars, while beyond stretched the vast reaches of the unending plains fringed along the horizon by low, flat mesas.

How far removed, how remote from our American life with its hurry and bustle, its ambitions, hopes, and ideals, this old pueblo sleeping away its hoary age in the solitude of the desert!

I spent the remainder of the afternoon in exploring its lanes and byways. Strings of chilli peppers cut vivid lines against the walls; stag-horns graced almost every roof terrace, and atop of the town sat the rude old church, mud also, with its two bronze bells hanging in their primitive campanario just as the padre had placed them some two hundred years ago.

Laguna

Until the evening hour little life was to be seen. A curious Indian's face, now and then, would peer

"To cook at outdoor ovens"

from a doorway and quickly be withdrawn, and once I heard a shrill voice singing, and was surprised to hear "A-way down upon the Swanee

Rivah," and discovered a girl in school clothes with a silver chain about her neck crooning in a corner.

As the shadows lengthened, women came forth to go about their household tasks and to cook at outdoor ovens or over smoky fires. Their costumes were colourful and picturesque, consisting of skirts trimmed with bright red, a dark blue or black coat passed over only one shoulder, and a shawl, red or yellow and gay with flowers, falling over the shoulders or drawn over the head. They still wear the moccasins of buckskin ending in a long strip that winds about the legs all the way up to the knee, and they still do most of the work.

I watched with interest that afternoon a mason repairing a house. She stood upon a ladder in garments such as I have described, plastering the mud with her bare hand, moulding it first into a ball which she threw against the spot upon which she was working, then with water smoothed it out and flattened it over.

This primitive method of work well explained the wavy surfaces, the rounded edges, and the various irregularities of these hand-wrought homes

—irregularities that tend to make them so interesting, so imbued with character and individuality.

That evening we planned, my frontier host and I, our trip for the morrow, for we were to start by sunrise on a ride to Acoma, that "Gibraltar of the Desert," the formidable rock fortress of the plain to which I have already alluded in my historic retrospect. It lies about eighteen miles from Laguna, out in the wilderness, but that did not sound like much of a trip in a little Ford car. However, I was warned that the going was difficult and the road very bad in spots.

So, at a little after daybreak, we were off, puffing up to the new railway station again, and following out by a rough road down to a creek bed where Casa Grande, an offshoot of the Laguna tribe, nestles in a rich green valley. My companion pointed out the governor making his Sunday morning toilet in the shady garden behind his house, and as I watched him in the cool shadow, small wonder, I thought, that these Indians are deserting the old town on its rocky ledges, and coming down here to settle in new houses in such fertile valleys as this.

The town flock was being driven to pasture; a shepherd with his faithful dog watched his sheep; half-wild horses grazed in fields now green after the summer rains or scampered away at the unwonted sight of the motor.

Far in the distance above intervening hills peeped the summit of the Enchanted Mesa, and toward it we now headed. Here in some creek beds we struck our first sandy spots, and had to get out and shovel the fine white sand from around the wheels until we struck a harder surface. This operation we repeated a number of times in the next few miles, but finally, upon topping a rise covered with scrubby piñons, the Enchanted Mesa rose directly before us.

It will give the most hardened voyager a thrill, this perpendicular rock standing alone upon its broad rolling plain. To every point of the compass it turns a sheer wall several hundred feet in height —walls that have repelled every attempt to scale them until very recently, holding its lofty summit virgin soil undefiled by the foot of man. Yet in the old days the Mesa Encantada is said to have been the home of the Acomas themselves, who

The Mesa Encantada

had to forsake it, however, when a slide destroyed the steep steps that were the only means of access to the village perched upon its top.

Slowly we skirted its base, marvelling at its beetling crags, ruddy and sinister, and as we turned our back upon it, the rock of Acoma loomed before us, the long, grey string of its houses just distinguishable along its summit.

The Spanish *conquistadores* described it as a mesa so high that a shot from a harquebus could hardly attain the top. The only approach in those days was a stairway cut in the living rock, quite wide for the first two hundred steps, but then narrowing until for the last twenty feet there were only toe-holes dug into the cliff wall itself. Near the summit lay great piles of stones that the defenders could hurl upon their foes, and, says one historian: "No army, no matter how strong, could ever force that passage."

Luckily, the first Spanish expeditions did not have to try. Both Alvarado and Espejo met no opposition, for the Acomas came down to meet them and crossed their hands in token of submission. But neither of these white men climbed to the pueblo

itself. Again, when Juan de Oñate entered New Mexico in 1598, the Acomas waited and watched what the other tribes would do. Finally Oñate came to the foot of their fortress rock, and this time again they came down and took an oath of allegiance. But it was a traitorous oath. With many protestations of friendship they invited him to visit their city and he did so, taking only a small guard with him to show his trust in their given word.

The Indians led him about their rock-built houses, and finally took him to the kiva or *estufa* in which they held their secret rites. They asked him to descend into it by means of the usual ladder, but, luckily for him (or perhaps indeed he had suspicions), he declined. Had he gone down, he would never have emerged alive, as was proved by subsequent events, for men were waiting below in the darkness to despatch him.

Finally he took leave of the Acomas and pursued his march to Zuñi. Two months later his lieutenant, Juan de Zaldivar, following the commander's footsteps, appeared before Acoma with thirty men. The Indians again came down and

greeted him, inviting him also to come up and inspect their city. He accepted cheerfully, leaving about half of his men below with the horses.

He and the other half were wandering about the "streets," scattering to see the sights, when suddenly a war-whoop rang out and hostile warriors swarmed about them from every house. A terrific fight ensued, each soldier backed against a wall, standing off a pack of howling savages. One by one the Spaniards went down, Zaldivar being among the first to fall. Finally only five were left, but they managed somehow to get together and make their way to the edge of the precipice whence, in sheer desperation, they jumped over. Miraculously, only one man was killed in this terrible fall, the others finally crawling back, covered with wounds and contusions, to their comrades who had remained below with the horses.

A general uprising was feared, but the Indians waited to see what Oñate would do. Truly it was a difficult problem. He could not allow his men to die unavenged, for then surely the whole province would rise. The punishment must be swift and sure. Yet how storm the impregnable citadel of

Acoma? He made up his mind to do it in spite of everything, and to do it himself. But he was finally prevailed upon to allow Vicente de Zaldivar, a brother of Juan, to lead the attack with a force of seventy men and a small *pedrero*, or field-piece, that could be carried upon a horse.

When this little expedition reached the foot of the cliffs, the Indians howled at them in derision, and when the summons to surrender had been read they howled again, firing volleys of arrows in defiance—relying upon their rock-girt mesa to protect them, knowing that in all their history this proud fortress had never been taken by a foe, Navajo or Apache, or yet by a white man.

Zaldivar led the main attack at the north side of the mesa, but twelve of his men crept around to the other end, where there was a great, detached crag separated from the main cliff by a deep cleft in the rock. This they painfully scaled and dragged the small *pedrero* up to its summit. And that night they hauled up logs also. When day broke they pushed a big log across the deep abyss, forming a sort of little bridge over which they swarmed until a dozen men were safely landed on the main rock.

The Cliffs of Acoma

Then, by a mischance, the log fell, leaving the little band stranded and exposed to hundreds of infuriated savages. A young captain, a nephew of Oñate, Gaspar de Villagrán (who in a remarkable historic epic, has left us details of some of the exploits of these heroes of the plains), saved the situation by jumping the chasm and restoring the bridge. The battle raged at close quarters until little by little the savages were worsted and driven to take shelter in their stone houses, the house-to-house fight lasting three days, finally ending in the complete surrender of the city.

This victory had a most far-reaching and salutary effect. The other pueblos had been watching, and had Zaldivar failed they would have risen and killed every Spaniard in the province. But if these few white men could take Acoma the impregnable, Acoma that never had fallen, what was the use of further resistance? So, instead, they courted Oñate's favour and there was no further trouble in the land.

As you look up at the beetling crags of Acoma, all these stories flash back at you, and you marvel indeed at the temerity of those intrepid *conquista-*

dores who confronted such enterprises with a stout heart and a steady hand.

The path to the mesa top has been improved of late years, but still a donkey is the only animal that can scale its heights. Wagons and horses are left below in corrals at the base of the crags, and there I left the little automobile that had brought me from Laguna and started on foot, alone, up the hill. The natives had evidently seen us coming across the plain, for a group stood watching at the top of the cliff. Some children ran down with bits of pottery to sell, but passed me by, evidently expecting to find a party behind, for rarely indeed do people come alone to Acoma.

And as I climbed the steep and narrow pathway, my thoughts ran back again to a certain devoted missionary, Fray Juan Ramirez, who, in 1629, unattended, toiled up this same slope, crucifix in hand, to try and found his mission-church among the sullen savages. A cloud of hostile arrows was his greeting, but still he went bravely on. A young girl, in her eagerness to see him, leaned far over, lost her balance, and fell. A cry of horror arose from the Indian mothers. But the child must

have fallen on one of the sand heaps of the talus near the good friar's feet. He raised her up

The Governor of Acoma and His City

and carried her unhurt back to the awestruck Indians, who attributed her escape to a miracle. So they welcomed the white priest among them

and helped him to build the first church upon the hilltop.

As I looked up, there they stood about me, those mothers still in their native dress, though the children were clothed in American fashion. The last few steps are still cut in the living rock, and then I stood upon the summit. To the right towered the great blind walls of the church, mud-coloured, ominous. To the left the three "streets" of the town led off parallel to each other, while the foreground was occupied by a dull tarnished pool of water, the "ladle of Acoma," a cistern cut in the rock that collects the rain and dimly reflects the slate-grey houses beyond.

These pile their three stories one upon another, their balconies, ladders, bits of carvings on lintel and window forming complicated patterns. Against these drab masses brilliant spots of red—women's garments—detached themselves vividly. On rocky ledges near the cistern smouldered fires made of cow-dung in which pottery—the far-famed Acoma ware, choicest of all the pueblo varieties—was slowly firing.

Presently arrived the governor, or such he styled himself, Francisco Torribio by name, a heavy man

with a massive face, wearing his hair in braids, and his head bound round with a red kerchief. He proved a great scamp too, producing a much-thumbed letter, by means of which he sought to levy tribute, first for the right to sketch, second for the right to sketch him, and later, when I mentioned the church, he wanted a small fortune to open the door.

A couple of the largest-sized silver coins finally propitiated him for a time, and he proposed that we climb to the top of one of the houses, scandalising several venerable dames upon the way, disturbed in the privacy of their bed-chambers. But when we had scaled the three successive ladders and reached the topmost roof, what a view lay spread below us!

The long, flat valley stretched all about, and through its verdant carpet, varied here and there with dark masses of piñons, huge, igneous rocks, worn by erosion into the most fantastic shapes, thrust their island-like forms, rose pink, or buff, through the sea of green. The horizon upon every hand was bounded by level hills as straight as though drawn by a ruler, the vast flat mesas that mark the top of the lava flow.

From the roofs on which we stood, the Indians

used to watch for foes—marauding Navajos or fierce Apaches—and from them later beheld the first Spaniards clad in shining breastplates, spurring the strange beasts that they bestrode across the valley. And who can wonder that, secure in their lofty town upon these beetling cliffs, they felt safe from even such godlike-looking men as these.

With the governor I now explored the three "streets," each about a thousand feet in length. We peeped into a number of houses, where women were busy grinding corn, making pottery, or attending to their household duties. All expressed themselves in Spanish with the exception of a few children who had gone to school. Only one grown person that I met, a woman, could speak any English at all, and she spoke the most pronounced pidgin type.

Finally we wandered toward the huge church, the chief wonder of the town, the largest native church in the Southwest, that reared its vast bulk upon the very brink of the opposite face of the mesa. Its thick, mud-covered walls are apparently devoid of opening, so that one wonders how it can be lighted until he discovers windows overlooking the plain. These walls are quite devoid of all archi-

tectural ornament, but this fact imparts to them a grimness and a primitive majesty that are distinctly impressive.

Old Church, Acoma

Adjoining is a residence for the *padre* with a patio, and an arcaded loggia strengthened at the corners by huge rude buttresses. Before the main

door lies the burying-ground, sadly neglected but surrounded still by its low stone wall. All the earth within it was borne from the valley below up the steep hill upon the shoulders of naked Indians as, for that matter, were most of the materials used in the construction of both the church and houses. The toil of ants in an ant-hill is as nothing compared to the toil of these human burden-bearers.

To my entreaties to unlock the church, the old governor continued to turn a deaf ear. But we sat amicably enough and talked while I distributed copper pennies with the Indian head upon them to a number of children.

Then suddenly there appeared a Mexican family —a man in ill-fitting clothes, a woman with a black *manta* drawn over her head, a younger woman in a sunbonnet, and a child. They said a few words in an undertone to the governor, and he disappeared toward his house. I slipped away and wandered back to the church portal, for I thought I foresaw what was going to happen. The Mexican family was waiting near by in the *campo santo* and presently I heard a key creak in the rusty lock and the big doors open from within.

There was a look of surprise and displeasure on the governor's face when he caught sight of me, but I explained that I entered the church in as reverent a spirit as the others, and I offered to buy two candles. This placated him and we all went in.

I was very glad to be able to do so, for the interior of the old church is interesting in just the same way as its exterior is. The grim, bare walls rising without interruption to the line where the huge carved *vigas* rest upon them, these roof-beams themselves supported by elaborate corbels, the rude choir gallery and simple chancel create an impression of austerity that well accords with the primitive pueblo near by.

And the great retable, divided into six compartments, each decorated with the figure of a saint and with rough ornaments and barbaric patterns of earthen red and yellow, typifies, as it were, the Spanish contribution to their lives—the visualisation of the new religion grafted upon their old faith —a central note, but a not all-important one hedged in by the blank walls of their former superstitions.

The stern, uncompromising atmosphere of this

grand old church harmonises well with still remote, still inaccessible Acoma, in many ways the most striking, the most impressive of all the Southwestern pueblos.

II

UP THE RIO GRANDE

AS I was waiting for the train at Laguna Station on a Sunday afternoon, I was treated to a novel sight: a pair of Teuton cowboys. Very new cowboys they were indeed, fresh from the shop, their pale, city faces shaded by broad sombreros, their boots decked with murderous spurs, their belts of carved leather bristling with knives and pistols, their Mexican saddles embossed *à outrance* and adorned with silver ornaments. All the leather was new and creaky, and their gauntlet gloves were stiff and uncreased.

Just as they joined a quartet of young people —two girls employed at the station, and two young Indian boys, who were playing a game of tennis in an improvised court—my interest was cut short by the arrival of my train.

From Laguna to Albuquerque I was again upon

the trail of Coronado following his route from Cíbola to Tiguex, in whose fertile valley he resolved to make his headquarters during the winters of 1540 and 1541. On the road lies Isleta, the largest of the Tañoan pueblos, and at its station there is always a group of the picturesque women in their bright-coloured costumes, vending pottery.

But the town itself, though it has played a conspicuous part in the history of the land and has possessed a church since 1635, is disappointing, largely because its houses, being but a single story high and commonplace in appearance, are strung along level streets. So the town has none of the picturesque features of the more remote pueblos.

At Albuquerque also, the Isleta women sit by the station, and are familiar figures to all transcontinental travellers. And, indeed, they make a brilliant group against the well-planned background of the great depot, whose long procession of grey arcades with their pottery roofs and bell-towers tell vividly against the turquoise sky. The excellent hotel adjoining, also built and maintained by the railroad, is named for the first white man to lead an expedition through the region, Coronado's

"Isleta women sit before the station"

lieutenant, that Alvarado who preceded his commander, accompanying the young chieftain back to his home in Cicuye.

Though the people that rock in the chairs or swing in the hammocks of this hotel are distinctly and unmistakably American, not so are all of those that pass below its broad verandas. As you sit and watch these hybrid types you will realise that you are still within a night's ride of the Mexican border, for you will note whole families passing, the men's swarthy faces shaded by sombreros, the women draped in black shawls with long fringes that sweep the ground, the girls decked in bright calicoes and figured cottons.

And, despite the lively, bustling air of the streets that surround the hotel, if you take a trolley or motor to the outskirts of the city, you will find an old Spanish settlement still intact. It is known locally as "Old Town," and centres about a placeta, set out with tamarisks and *alamitos*, that closely resembles the Plaza de la Paz in Juarez. Upon this square faces the old church of San Felipe de Neri built about 1735 but much modernised, as well as a number of one-story houses of which not a few still retain their old *portales*. Here, too, in the old days stood the presidio and headquarters ranking in importance with those at Santa Fé and

El Paso, for Albuquerque played its part in Spanish days, having been founded as early as the very beginning of the eighteenth century, and named in honour of Don Fernandez de la Cueva Enriquez, Duque de Albuquerque, who had just succeeded

Indian Church, San Felipe

Montañez as Viceroy of New Spain. The people of "Old Town" are still very Spanish in appearance, and drive about in the same queer "rigs" that I noticed in San Antonio. There are still iron *rejas* at a number of the windows; clipped cypresses hedge in the gardens, and there are tumble-down adobes, through whose gaping holes you catch glimpses of the purple Sandía Mountains.

As I waited for a trolley to take me back to the hotel, I stood gazing at a fine stone building, homelike in appearance and very well built with blue moonflowers festooning its porches, and I wondered whose comfortable house it might be, when my eye chanced to fall upon a sign—not large—upon the place: County Jail! When the car came along, I spoke to the conductor, remarking that the jail wasn't such a bad place to live in. He admitted that such was the truth, but added: "Beans, coffee, and bread three times a day!" He also informed me that this was the very prison from which General Salazar, the insurrecto chief, had made his well-remembered escape, aided by four men in an auto, who overpowered the single deputy on guard and hustled the general off to the Mexican border.

Beyond Albuquerque we ran through a number of pueblos, primitive villages, remnants of the settlements that Coronado found in Tiguex—many of which can easily be seen from the train. I should have liked to explore them—the group that lies along the Rio Grande, and especially those that follow up the valley of the Jemez River, the Queresen

pueblos of Santa Ana, Sía, and Jemez—but I was much more anxious to reach others, more important to my purpose, that lie beyond. To the student of the Indian and his ways, these pueblos have great interest but, as my particular object was to follow the Spanish trail, I preferred to centre my interest in the greater pueblos that lie beyond, higher up the Rio Grande north of Santa Fé in and about the Española Valley.

So the glimpses of these villages, as we passed along—San Felipe, Santo Domingó and other smaller groups of adobe structures—dun-coloured, half Indian, half Mexican, with flat mud roofs, but whetted my appetite the more. Here, by the Rio Grande, the women were carrying water in pottery vessels upon their heads; there Indian boys sped by on piebald ponies; fields of corn waved their tassels near a circular thrashing-floor, where herds of goats were beating out the kernels with their running hoofs. The life was a life of long ago—picturesque, exotic, and strangely un-American. All the while we were climbing through a wild and treeless land, crawling up the lower slopes of the Rockies toward the city that for centuries was the heart of the

great province of New Mexico, the life centre of our great Southwest, the old Spanish capital, Santa Fé, founded fourteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock.

THE CITY OF THE HOLY FAITH

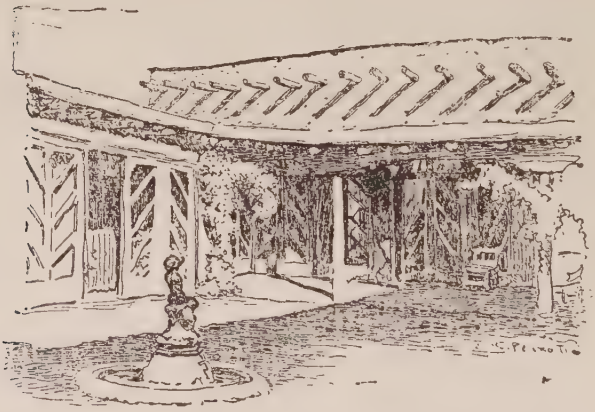
THE CITY OF THE HOLY FAITH

THE big overland train pulled up at a station, Lamy, where such a small group of houses greets the eye that one wonders why the Limited should stop. Few tourists alight here, and more is the pity, for few realise that but a short hour's ride on a branch line would bring them to the Ciudad Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco, one of the oldest and most interesting communities in our country. To one who will approach it in the proper frame of mind its romantic atmosphere is rare and subtle and the country round about it replete with interest.

Immediately upon leaving Lamy our engine began to puff and snort, climbing a long, steep gradient, hill succeeding hill, covered only with stunted growth, piñons and dwarf cedars for the most part.

But there was a singular majesty and austere beauty about the landscape—a bigness and grandeur that recall the vast table-lands of Mexico and the wild wastes of Bolivia and Peru.

Great cumuli piled their billowy masses about the



Patio at Station, Lamy

mountain tops, and, as the sun neared its setting behind the Sandía Mountains, far down toward Albuquerque, it shot lurid rays of light upon these clouds and upon the mountains, that lit them ruddy-red, flamboyant, so deep and so crimson that I realised at once why the pious Spaniard had given

them their strange name, Sangre de Cristo—Blood of Christ.

In the twilight we crested a summit at Hondo, and a broad valley lay spread below us, the longed-for vision of many a weary wanderer, of many an emigrant driver on the Overland Trail, of many a tired woman and hungry child, the City of the Holy Faith, Santa Fé.

A brick penitentiary loomed to the right like a fortress with armed guards pacing its ramparts, and the train drew into the station.

I climbed into a lumbering bus—a vehicle savouring of other days—that swayed and rattled through the uneven street to the plaza. It was a Sunday night and the lights were lit. In a pavilion under the cottonwoods a brass band, brilliantly uniformed in scarlet coats, was discoursing Spanish melodies. Beyond, the long arcade of the Governor's Palace seemed endless in the darkness.

The people walked in groups—a knot of men, a quartet of laughing girls, a pair of leather-skinned old women—arm in arm, along the avenues, all going in the same direction, encircling the square, just as I had seen them many a time down in Hon-

duras or Guatemala City or in the plazas of Arequipa and La Paz. Could it be possible that I was

Colonnade of Governor's Palace, Santa Fé

more than three hundred miles north of the Mexican border, and that still the people and the place smacked so strongly of Latin-America?

But a square or two farther on we drew up at

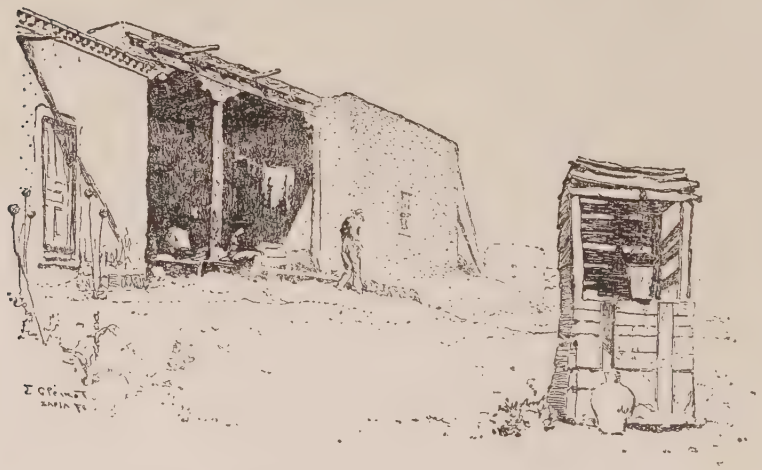
the hotel named for Santa Fé's hero, de Vargas, who wrested the city from the revolted Indians after the Pueblo uprising in 1680. I could not abide the modern atmosphere of the hotel that evening, so wandered back again to the plaza and lingered there listening to the music, the sibilant Spanish voices, the quiet shuffle of the many feet that mingled with the rustle of the leaves overhead.

Next morning I met a friend, a New York painter who went to New Mexico a year or two ago and who, enthralled, cannot now shake off its charm. With him I explored the purlieus of the old capital. First we ascended to the ruins of Fort Marcy and from its dismantled earthworks took a survey of the city lying in its great saucer among trees and gardens, the Cathedral, the Federal Building, and the Capitol with the Executive Mansion striking the dominant notes.

Vast, undulating plains stretched all about, clothed with chamisa and greasewood, and bounded to the southward by the graceful profiles of the hills of Los Cerrillos, at whose feet lie turquoise mines whose sky-blue stones rival the Persian

products of Khorassan and Nishapur and form one of the main sources of the American supply.

Farther over to the north the dark masses of the Jemez Mountains towered to the clouds, hiding



Old Adobe, Camino del Cañon

within their rifts those enigmatical cliff dwellings that I was to visit a few days later, while to the east the Sangre de Cristos, now deep and purple in the bright light of day, stretched off in impressive ranks to Mount Baldy, their culminating peak, that attains an altitude of thirteen thousand feet.

Then we descended into an arroyo and threaded the mazes of the Mexican town that meanders about the Camino del Cañon, a picturesque agglomeration of old adobes that conform to a certain well-defined architectural type noticeable through all this New Mexico region—houses with *torreones* forming the corner angles, holding between them short arcades of rude wooden columns with characteristic corbels that support the *vigas*, or roof-beams. This shaded, recessed portion of the house thus makes a sort of outdoor room in which the natives love to rest in beatific idleness.

Women wash by the rivulets; strings of burros laden with wood come down from the mountains; hooded wagons stand before colonnaded porches; mongrel curs snarl at you as you pass—in short, the life is that of old Mexico as far removed as possible from the aims and aspirations of America to-day.

We returned toward the plaza by way of the Acequia Madre, the main aqueduct that irrigates the field and orchards, and came at length to the old Santa Fé Trail, that still runs undisturbed through the town.

"Burros laden with wood come down from the mountains"

What pictures its winding lengths evoke! "Its milestones are the bones of pioneers." Up it came the caravans laden with merchandise under military escort; up it came prairie-schooners grey with

alkali dust, creaking on their wooden axles, six oxen to every wagon; up it came bronzed emigrants and their families, exhausted by their long trek overland, by constant alarms and fights with savage Pawnees and Comanches and glad at last to reach a refuge, a city, outpost though it was, in which to rest their weary limbs.

At the corner of the Calle de Vargas we turned aside a step or two to visit the ancient church of San Miguel, one of the oldest shrines in our country, but rebuilt, after the Pueblo revolt, in its present form in 1710. It has the same queer, coffin-like plan that was adopted in so many of the Pueblo churches hereabouts, the walls narrowing toward the altar to form an apse and restrict a space for the pictorial reredos that was the artistic feature of the church, contrasting its crude paintings and statues and rude architectural embellishments with the simplicity of the mud-covered walls that surround it. Here in St. Michael's, besides the reredos, are some interesting old Spanish pictures, but pray put no faith whatever in the asseverations of the garrulous usher and his ridiculous tales of Cimabue.

A few steps across the river bridge and we were back in the plaza. At the corner where the trail enters the square the gaunt ruins of a *fonda*, or hostelry, charred and blackened, still mark the "End of the Trail." The plaza, in the broad light of day, lacked the charm of the night before. Brick buildings of an ugly, utilitarian type have replaced the old *portales* that once surrounded it—arcades that could so easily have been copied as the more recent edifices were built.

I must confess also that the new colonnade of the Palace of the Governors is, to my mind, a fatal mistake. Why this so-called Mexican Pueblo style grafted upon the front of a venerable Hispanic building? Why should the palace of the Spanish governors adopt the architecture of the Indian when it was built as castle and fortress to protect the settlers from these very Indians? Why not have designed a handsome colonnade such as those one sees in front of any of the Spanish government buildings of Latin-America?

However, despite this new (and I confess picturesque) façade, the palace itself is eloquent still—eloquent with three centuries of tradition, eloquent

"Hooded wagons stand before colonnaded porticoes"

with memories of the old captains-general from Juan de Oñate, who began its six-foot walls, to Antonio de Otermín, who shut himself within it when it became his last refuge against the revolted Indians, finally losing it as he and his followers fought their way out and retreated to El Paso; eloquent too of heroic de Vargas who regained it from the Pueblos and restored it to the Spanish crown—eloquent of many another of the seventy-six Spanish governors who succeeded each other one by one to rule this province, at one time as extensive as the modern German Empire.

There are other memories that cling about the pile—those, more recent, of the American governors from General Lew Wallace, who wrote much of "Ben Hur" within its walls, to Governor Curry, the last to occupy the old palace as an Executive Mansion only a few years ago.

Its rooms now serve as a museum, arranged under the auspices of the New Mexico Historical Society and the School of American Archæology, which from this point directs its activities not only in this vicinity but as far afield as the Maya monuments of Yucatan. The objects shown in the state apart-

ments evoke all three periods of New Mexico's long and checkered history: the epochs of its prehistoric cliff-dwellers and of the Pueblo Indians found hereabouts by Coronado and Oñate, and, finally, the epoch of the Spaniards.

The rude Spanish churches have contributed paintings of saints and martyrs and curious processional pictures limned for want of canvas on elk-skin and buffalo-hide. There are great *cajons* for storing laces and altar-cloths and groups of little doll-like statues—figurines of virgins and saints dressed in stuffs, with tin crowns upon their heads like those still to be seen in many of the isolated churches of Mexico.

Other rooms are devoted to specimens of the varied crafts of the Pueblo Indians and especially to collections of their pottery—pots and vases covered with the black glazes of Santa Clara, reminders of Etruscan ware; fanciful designs from Cochiti; Zuñi vases adorned with animals and flowers, and especially old Acoma pottery, most beautiful of all, that spreads its geometric patterns of black and dull red over a lucent, ivory-white ground.

There are stone fetiches uncouth enough for any cubist sculptor, rude utensils of stone and jugs and water-jars that resemble the *huacos* of the Incas. The pottery taken from the cliff-dwellings has the stamp of the true primitive races. In the Cole Collection are remarkable specimens of these grey-and-black bowls and jars decorated with lightning-bolts, clouds, and horned serpents, evidencing the innate desire of man, even the most primitive, to decorate the common objects used in his daily life.

These and the strange bell-stones and lightning-sticks from the kivas, the mortars, metates, and axe-heads from the houses, the shards with their ruddy ox-blood glaze from Tyuoñi interested me so profoundly that I made up my mind that I must pay a visit to these cliff-dwellings.

This resolve was strengthened that evening by a visit to the home of ex-Governor Prince, the president of the New Mexico Historical Society, an author and an authority of note, whose old Spanish demain, with its flowering patio and colonnaded front, is a veritable museum of rare objects gathered in the region through a period covering many years.

So I made arrangements at the Transcontinental Garage, and early one morning set forth for the Rito de los Frijoles, some twenty-five miles west of Santa Fé. As long as I live I shall never forget that day. First we sped out on a main highway over a prodigious plateau with the dome of the sky spread above us, ineffable, blue as the turquoise that come from the mines of Los Cerrillos yonder.

After we passed Agua Fria there was never a house except at Buckman's, where two or three shacks guard the rickety bridge that spans the Rio Grande. But the plains were mottled with greasewood and with vivid patches of chamisa, with scrub palmillas and dwarf cedars, and gay at times with sunflowers, wild lilac, and lupin. Now and then we came upon great herds of sheep grazing so quietly that I mistook them at first for smooth boulders thickly scattered in the shrubbery, and once we encountered three wagons hooded like prairie-schooners, slowly meandering single-file along the road, that had now dwindled to a mere byway with two deep ruts for the wheels.

Steadily we headed for the indigo Jemez Mountains, about whose heads thunder-clouds were be-

ginning to gather, and after a long, slow descent came to the bank of the Rio Grande.

Once across the flimsy corduroy bridge we began to climb a long, steep hill, the engine snorting like mad and the views down upon the river and its valley becoming more and more giddy as we shot around each curve. Great streams of vitrified lava and igneous rock, dark and sinister, walled in the cañons, until finally we pulled out upon the top of the Pajarito plateau among the pine woods. I thought we had finished our hill-climbing, but suddenly we plunged down into the Pajarito Cañon and puffed up its opposite face; then down again into Water Cañon and up to the great plateau beyond. A third plunge brought us deep into Ancho Cañon, and a last stiff climb in the swaying car, rolling over solid boulders, and we stopped definitely upon the brink of another gorge more profound than any we had yet seen. This was the Rito de los Frijoles.

We left the motor and prepared to follow the zigzag trail down the cañon wall to Abbot's, whose tents we could see more than five hundred feet below us. As we descended I noted the strange for-

mation of the cliffs. At the top lay boulders of lava, basalt, and obsidian; then, as I climbed down, I came upon a deep stratum of lava flow, pinkish and pierced by innumerable blow-holes, made by the escaping steam, and then, after a long, winding descent, the grey volcanic ash lay friable and colourless, the cinders that had belched from the volcanoes before the lava began to flow.

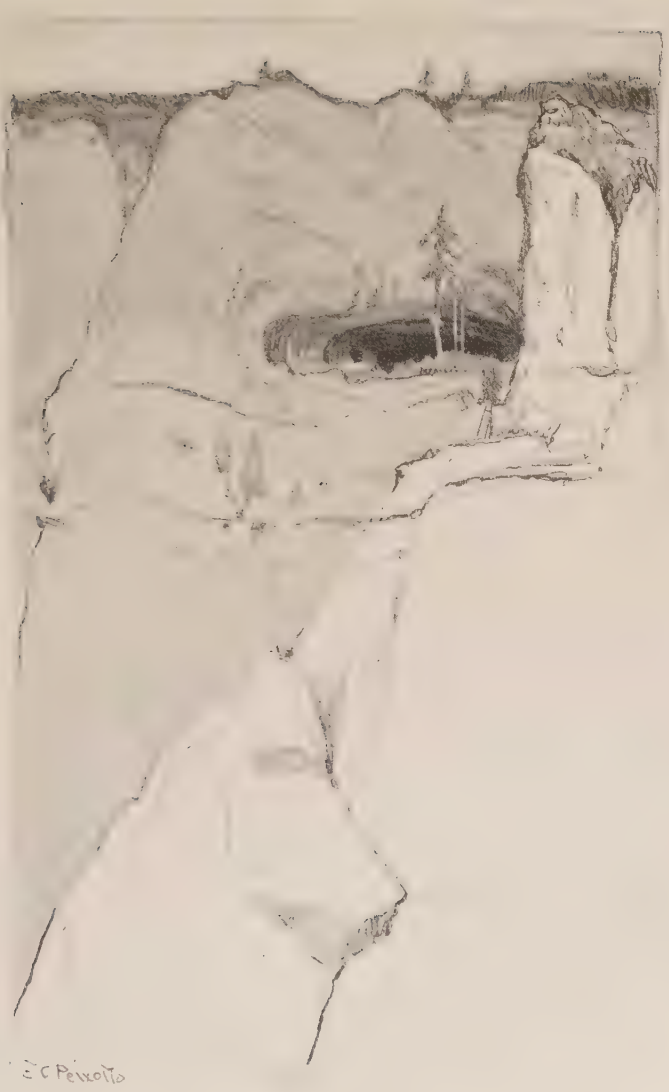
I had now reached the floor of the valley, where a stream runs among willows and alders. Here, in an encampment, a retired judge and his wife, fond of the outdoor life, dispense hospitality to the rare wayfarer.

I registered my name and went out to look at the ruins of Tyuoñi that lie near by—a great, communal house of some two hundred rooms, semicircular in form, that sheltered a whole village in its day. The lower faces of the surrounding cliffs are honeycombed, just above the talus, with the cave-like abodes of cliff-dwellers who, using the blow-holes that I have mentioned as a basis, have enlarged them into rude chambers, provided with bell-shaped openings. When you peer in you discover that some still preserve their rough fireplaces

and smoke-holes, while the spot upon the floor where the inmate slept can still be traced. Some are painted an earthen red, others ochre. Rows of holes for *vigas*, or roof-posts, are still plainly marked upon the face of the cliff.

Pictographs are scratched on the rocks both outside and in. How old are these dwellings? Who can say? No record shows that they were inhabited when the Spaniard came, and no object—bead or utensil—has ever been found in the excavations that could possibly have been traded with the early explorers.

The storm that had been gathering now burst in a furious downpour, and the thunder rumbled like a cannonade in the narrow valley. I took refuge in the room at Abbot's, and, as I entered it, a young man in khaki arose and greeted me by name. He was one of the artists connected with the American School of Archæology and he introduced me to his comrade, and I found, to my great pleasure, that their party (all people who had known the valley for years) were camping near by. We lunched together and they showed me the latest tracings of cave pictures that they had found



Ceremonial Cave, Frijoles Cañon

scratched in the plaster under several coatings of earthen paint—pictographs of extraordinary vitality and sureness of vision, scenes of the hunt and kiva dances.

Trained archæologists have profoundly studied these cliff-dwellings (of which they tell me there are twenty thousand in the vicinity) and have written exhaustively about them, so why should I discourse upon them? Instead, I shall only chronicle the walk we took that afternoon, six of us, along the murmuring Rito. The valley, refreshed by the storm, was now radiant again, and at length we came to what we had set out to see, the Ceremonial Cave. This cavern, scooped out of the solid rock by nature's hand, some two-thirds of the way up the cañon wall, can only be reached by a series of tall ladders, between which you scramble over rough stretches of volcanic ash until you finally haul yourself into the cave itself.

Its situation alone is most impressive, hung, as it is, in mid-air in a cliff of strange and fantastic conformation, the opposite cañon wall completely blocking the view except up and down the narrow valley that lies sheer below.

To this cave the bell-stone summoned the cliff-dwellers from their troglodytic homes, to assemble in the underground kiva which to them commemorated man's birth from Mother Earth, and in which secret ceremonies, still kept up among the Pueblo Indians, were enacted, the medicine-men rubbing stone fetiches to make lightning, or produce rain, the males dancing the while and beating their tom-toms.

This kiva still remains quite intact, so we went down the ladder into it and inspected its so-called altar, that faces the valley, and its two side orifices, which are said to symbolise birth and death. At some time or other there were stone structures in and about this cave. The black square on the roof plainly indicates the position of one construction that stood against the back wall, while the regular rows of holes in another end mark the roof-beams of other buildings.

What they were and who occupied them who can tell? The whole history of the cliff-dwellers, who left no record behind them, is wrapped in an impenetrable veil of mystery, upon which the taciturnity and secretiveness of the modern Pueblo

Kiva of the Ceremonial Cave

Indian will never shed a ray of light. But this very mystery adds a romantic note that stimulates the imagination and provokes the fancy to dream of strange gods, of savage customs and legends like that of T'yotsaviyo, the child-eating giant that dwelt in the Black Mesa of San Ildefonso.

NORTHWARD TO TAOS

NORTHWARD TO TAOS

I

FERNANDO DE TAOS AND ITS ARTIST COLONY

THE country about Santa Fé abounds in pueblos. In many ways the most extraordinary of them all is Taos, that stands to-day untouched by the white man, quite as the Spanish soldiers discovered it centuries ago, when it became their ultimate outpost that faced the northern wilderness

It lies about ninety miles north of Santa Fé, on a vast plateau at the foot of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

The railroad and motor service to it have been greatly improved recently, so that it can easily be reached in a single day. A narrow-gauge branch-line of the Denver and Rio Grande took me to

Buckman's, where I had crossed the Rio Grande on the way to the Rito, thence on to Española, lying in the verdant valley that I was to explore later on. After a scanty lunch at Embudo, we began to climb, leaving the river far below.

The whole character of the country changed. The green valley was succeeded by rocky gorges, where lava boulders lay loose as if rained but yesterday from some belching volcano. Stunted cedars dug their roots between, searching for sustenance, and perilously maintaining themselves on the steep declivities. Far below I could still make out the river, at times, with bits of bottom lands, vivid green amid the general aridity. So we gained some two thousand feet or more of altitude, emerging at last at Barranca, upon a far-reaching table-land, seven thousand feet above the sea.

The sky, after a night of rain, was now swept clear, but clear as it only can be in this pellucid mountain air. A few miles farther on I alighted at Taos Junction, where an automobile waits to take passengers over to the pueblo. The landscape is built upon the vastest scale, but the extraordinary purity of the rarefied air renders the sense of distance

extremely deceptive. We started toward the mountains that bound the horizon to the eastward. An apparently level country stretches off to them, and at their feet—one would say ten, or even eight miles distant—are some small dark objects, clumps of trees. Yet these mark Taos, twenty-five miles away!

The background scarcely changes as you speed along. Sage-brush and rabbit-brush form an unbroken foreground. But when you least expect it, the plain is rent asunder, and a great chasm, wide enough to engulf a city, yawns at your feet, deep purple and sullen red, and so profound that even if the tallest building in the world were put within it, its summit would scarcely be visible.

A long, winding descent takes you cautiously, slowly, by loops and bends, down to the Rio Grande that has worn this, its bed, out of the soft tufa rock; then an equally long ascent brings you up again to the level of the great plateau. Presently we passed the adobe houses and heavily buttressed church at Rancho de Taos and, as the shadows were falling, puffed up a hill and through the dusty streets of the Spanish town, Fernando de Taos.

We drew up before the hotel, a typical *fonda* of Old Spain—a long, low, one-storied edifice, enclos-

Penitente Church, Fernando de Taos

ing a flower-grown patio in its wide embrace. My room was a cheerful one, facing a little garden, with a green parrot and the tolling bells for company.

At dinner I met several of my artist friends—men from New York who paint the Far West—for Taos is one of the best-known sketching-grounds for those who depict the Indian and frontiersman. I visited all their homes within the next few days, and found each stamped with unique individuality, for each painter has built for himself a house that accords with the particular type of subject that he loves best to paint.

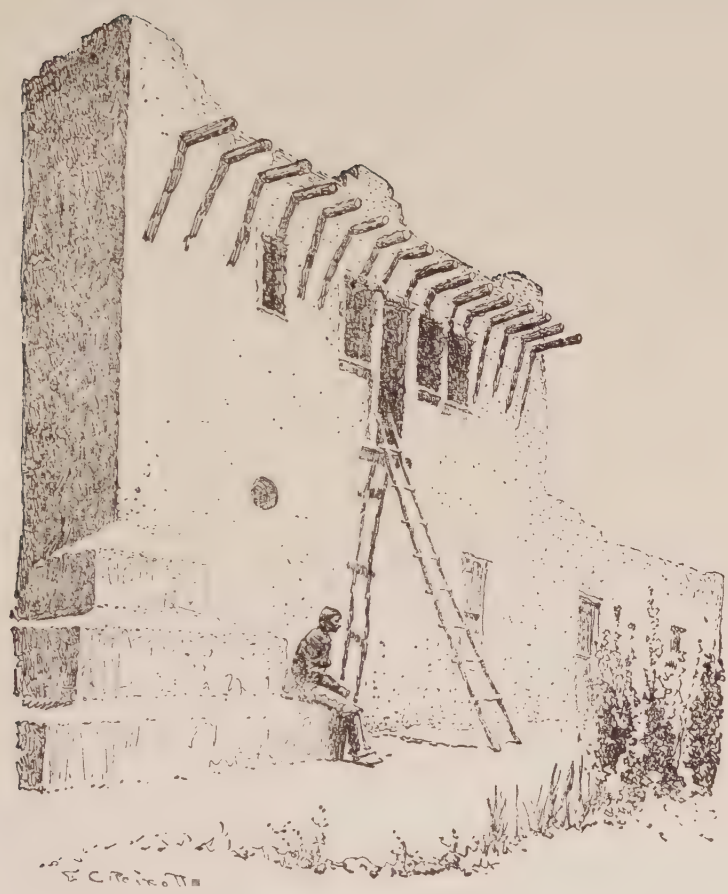
The pioneer among these Taos painters was Joseph Henry Sharp, who came down here from the Crow Reservation in Montana, where he had stayed for many a year in a commodious log cabin, studying and sketching the Indian. Ethnologically, his work is of the greatest value, for he has painted from life a number of remarkably fine portraits of the plainsmen. One important group of these hangs in the Smithsonian Institution, while another, much larger, more than a hundred in all, has been given to the University of California by Mrs. Phœbe Hearst.

Mr. Sharp spared himself no pains in making these portraits and in studying the backgrounds suitable for his pictures, painting snow scenes out-of-doors with the temperature near zero, and shar-

ing in every way the primitive life of his models. His first studio in Taos was an abandoned church, which he put in order and floored over with cedar "to keep the dead Penitentes down," as he quaintly expressed it. He then took an old garden adjoining and built himself a new and larger studio in the pueblo style, in which he now works and stores his rare and precious collections of baskets, mats, and costumes.

After him and at his suggestion, about seventeen years ago, two other painters came to Taos, and became so enamoured with its possibilities that they sold their wagon and outfit and decided to settle there for good. One, Bert Phillips, has remained ever since. The other, Ernest Blumenschein, though he lives in New York, goes out to New Mexico almost every year.

Mr. Blumenschein's paintings of the Indian have improved steadily in quality and give great promise for the future. He does not content himself merely with the picturesque side of Indian life, but is preoccupied primarily with harmony of line, mass, and colour, building compositions that "carry" and please the eye with their fine decorative effect. In this



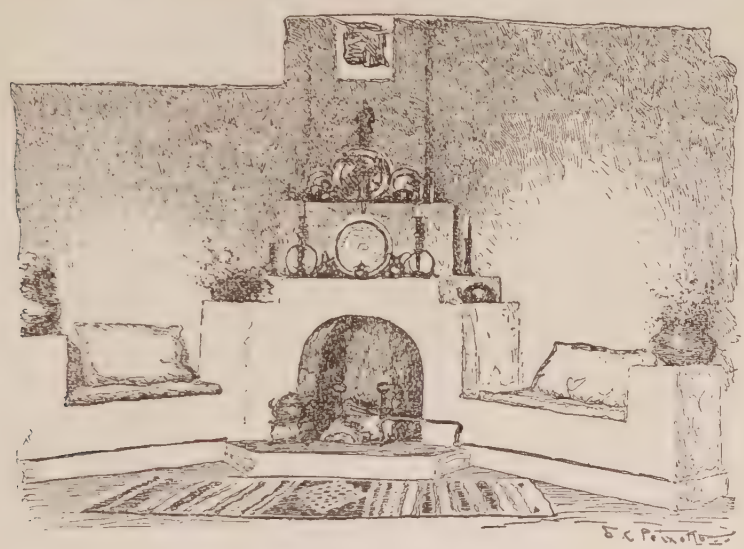
J. H. Sharp's New Studio

mood he painted his "Wise-man, Warrior, Youth," a group forming a noble silhouette against the grey-blue sky. There is a rare sympathy in the faces that far transcends the mere transcriptions of type. These three men might indeed be merely looking at a game, but then again they might be deeply thinking, pondering—the far-away, thoughtful look on the youth's face in particular suggesting some vague memory, some indefinite longing.

This picture, when shown at the National Academy a few years ago, was awarded the Isidor Gold Medal. The "Peacemaker," that followed it, is another decorative composition, but built on a more monumental plan, the two groups standing like pillars or caryatides at each side of the canvas, an extended arm binding them together above, and the curving line of the deep cañon of the Rio Grande, rich and blue, tying them below. The effect is decidedly handsome and emphasises Mr. Blumenschein's desire to find the truly decorative value of these Indian subjects—a task in which it is hoped he will persevere, for it is a field rich in possibilities, and one that has scarcely been touched as yet.

The second of these pioneers, Mr. Phillips, as I

have said, remained definitely in Taos, where he built himself a house on the outskirts of the town fronting the road to the Indian village. For many years he painted Indian heads—highly finished,



Interior, Home of Irving Couse

faithful portraits, until trouble with his eyes forced him to abandon his art for a time and become a forest ranger. His experiences during these four years were remarkable, exploring every crevice of the mountains and imbibing the very spirit of the

woods. The subjects of his later pictures are drawn from these themes, and he has pitched them in a much higher key than his earlier work. His most notable achievement is a large lunette in the court-house at Des Moines, a grouping of Indian figures, dignified and sober in silhouette, and restrained in colour—altogether a notable achievement.

E. Irving Couse came to Taos a few years after these two, lived with the Mexicans for several years, and then established himself in his own house, a charming adaptation of Spanish ideas, with interiors patterned after those of the Pueblo Indians. He has chosen the romantic side of the Indians' life for the subjects of his pictures. A young man piping to a maiden, a runner drinking at a mountain stream, family groups gathered in corners of the pueblo, interiors where crouching figures are lit by fragrant cedar-wood fires—these are the episodes he likes best. His pictures have had a wide success, and are well known to all who follow the American exhibitions, where they have been awarded many honours. He studied in Paris with the famous masters of his day, and his figures still show the influence of that early training in their solid drawing,

careful modelling, and due regard for colour values. In 1911 he won the Gold Medal at the National Academy with his "San Juan Pottery," an Indian squatting on his heels to examine a long-necked vase coated with the typical black glaze that distinguishes the pottery of the Santa Clara Valley—a picture that now hangs in the Detroit Museum.

In the following Spring Academy Mr. Couse won the Carnegie prize with his "Making Pottery," a firmly modelled tribesman smoothing the rim of a fat jar that he has just moulded. Another fine canvas depicts his favourite model, Elkfoot (whose Spanish name, "Jerónimo" is rendered into English as plain Jerry), a seated figure, life-size, wrapped in a full red blanket, making a handsome silhouette against a simple background. Behind him rests his coup-stick for touching the dead, thus claiming the scalp. This picture now hangs in the National Gallery in Washington.

The most recent permanent acquisition to the Taos colony is W. Herbert Dunton, who has been known hitherto chiefly as an illustrator of Western life—the life of the plains—a limner of the cowboy, the Mexican, and Indian environed by vast stretches

of sun-baked sage-brush. Since his coming to Taos, however, he has been giving very serious attention to painting, devoting himself zealously to his favourite themes, studying the shifting light, the changeable effects, and lucid atmosphere of the Rocky Mountain wilds. He believes in painting direct from nature, and spares himself no trouble to get his effects, setting forth at times with models and half a dozen ponies of varied colour—buckskin, roan, piebald—to paint them in a wind-storm, with his canvas anchored against the stiff breeze by big boulders.

He has created himself a home in the Mexican quarter of the town that is picturesque as can be—a typical Mexican *caseta*, with a forecourt surrounded by adobe buildings, and set out with teepees from the plains. He dresses the frontiersman, and fits into the picture admirably with his tall, spare figure. Indeed, my last recollection of Taos, as I departed on the morning stage, was a vision of him and his model riding off upon a ridge-top against the sky, waving his canvas to me in sign of adieu.

The success of these men who paint the Indian should influence and encourage others to follow their

lead. Why some of our "moderns," with their love for "vigour and vitality," their fondness for primitive colour and pattern, and the naïve crudities of

Herbert Dunton's Caseta

aboriginal art, have not hit upon this pueblo country for their inspiration, is a mystery. Why have they not studied the pictographs of Frijoles Cañon, the symbolic pottery of Acoma and the Zuñi villages, the crude graces of the Hopi dancers, instead of

feeling impelled to fare so far afield as distant Polynesia and the Malays of Sumatra?

During these last few years a number of younger men have indeed come up to Taos, and this past summer there were actually a dozen at one time in the old Mexican town, so that the permanent colony was encouraged to found the Taos Society of Artists, that in August held its first exhibition in a room of the Palace of the Governors at Santa Fé.

It is earnestly to be hoped that more of our painters, with their fine technical equipment, their virile natures and American spirit, will accept the lure of the West and go out to New Mexico, where, under the exciting stimulus of its vivid colour and highly rarefied atmosphere, they may confidently be expected to produce enduring works of art.

II

THE INDIAN PUEBLO

THE pueblo lies about three miles from the old Spanish town of Fernando de Taos. The first white men who beheld it were probably those who came up with Captain Barrio-Nuevo, in 1541, and to them it must have appeared quite as it looks to-day, for not a trace of the European is even now to be seen.

My friends advised me to await the afternoon light for my first impression of it, but the morning looked dubious as to weather, and there was no knowing what might happen before afternoon. So, rising early, I went to a stable, hired a horse and buggy, and started off by a road that lay at times through fields, at times along the edge of a murmuring stream, and at times through muddy lowlands.

Indians on ponies passed me on their way to town; women in wagons pursued their journey to the morning market. Presently, from between some

tangled lines of willows, I caught sight of the old Indian town, whose two great community houses pile their five or six stories like twin pyramids on

Mexican House, Fernando de Taos

either side of the river, their tawny, mud-covered walls mounting tier above tier to form a succession of terraces that diminish in size as they ascend.

Thin threads of blue smoke rose straight from the chimneys in the still morning air, women in their

Taos Pueblo

gaudy wrappings ascended from ladder to ladder and the men, enfolded in their blankets, squatted silently upon the housetops. And when, having tied my horse to the cedar post of a rude corral, I began to poke among its narrow passageways, I was transported to another world—a world of long ago, when men dwelt simply and contented themselves with simple things.

These quiet Tañoans sitting in their chimney corners; these women baking their coarse corn bread at the outdoor ovens; these men, vigorous, healthy, in this pure mountain air, harvesting their grain and hunting in the mountains and housed within the same mud walls in which the Spaniard found them —how far are they removed from us, how little have they been affected or influenced by centuries of contact with the white man; how well and with what dignity they wrap themselves in the impenetrable reserve of the Indian, hiding from every one, friend and enemy alike, their cherished traditions!

Even their ostensible religion—typified in Taos by a rude chapel no bigger than a family house—is but a cloak to hide the persistence of their old-time beliefs and superstitions. So completely do they

dwell within themselves, shut in their own little circle, that the affairs of the great outside world touch them not, and, provided their own corner remains untouched, neither world wars nor cataclysms, nor the most violent political upheavals disturb them in their utter isolation.

The two main piles of buildings are surrounded by smaller constructions, principally rude shelters for the animals and wagons, and corrals of cedar logs. Between the main dwellings, the Taos River runs merrily along, the murmur of its waters sounding pleasantly to the ear after the aridity of the desert. It is crossed in places by rude bridges made of felled logs, on which the children love to play, and by which the natives pass continually from one bank to the other. The younger women make a brilliant show indeed, wrapped like Arabs in garments of the brightest colours. The older mothers are more sober in dark blue homespun skirts, that only partially hide the loose white moccasins that reach nearly to their knees, resembling a Russian boot in character. The air is redolent of burning cedar wood, the most characteristic odour, I think, of a pueblo town.

I wandered about all that morning, fascinated by

"Women baking at outdoor ovens"

this vivid picture of primitive life untainted by a single discordant note. That afternoon I asked Mr.

"Rude shelters for the animals"

Phillips, to whom I have already alluded, to go out with me. We again left the horse outside the town, which now was quite deserted, for the Indians were

engaged in some sort of ceremony up "on the mountain."

First we scrambled about the ruins of the old church that was founded away back in 1620. It successfully withstood all earlier struggles, insurrections, and rebellions. But, in 1847, just after the Mexican War, it was used as a fortress by the revolted Indians and Mexicans, and was pounded into submission by the cannons of Colonel Price, the old walls crumbling away before the impact of the solid shot.

There had been trouble attending the taking over of the province by the United States, but Governor Bent thought all danger passed, so, on the 17th of January he came up to his home in Taos with several American officials. On the 19th the Indians appeared in the town to demand the release of two prisoners. This was refused them, and they fell upon the prefect and the sheriff and killed them both. They then stormed the governor's house, took it, and killed and scalped him and two of his friends. They were joined in this uprising by many discontented Mexicans, and the revolt assumed dangerous proportions.

But Colonel Price, who commanded at Santa Fé, sent to Albuquerque for reinforcements, and on the 23d started for Taos with three hundred and fifty-three men and four cannon. They fought several brisk skirmishes upon the way, arriving on the 3d of February. Next day they bombarded the church, and on the 5th the Mexicans and Indians capitulated, and the ringleaders were punished. This put an end to all further trouble.

Later we climbed to the top of the topmost house in the pueblo, mounting ladder after ladder, passing at each story the great protruding ends of the cottonwood timbers that support the various ceilings. All the roofs are kept spotlessly clean, despite a number of chimneys covered with bits of charred pottery that can be moved about so as to regulate the draught.

When we reached the last terrace we took a survey of the land. My companion pointed out the various points of interest, and told me tales of his seventeen years' experience among these Indians, whom he knows probably better than any other white man. Looking down upon it, I realised that the pueblo is remarkably well kept, all the sweepings from the house floors being put on dirt piles provided

for the purpose, that little by little have grown in size through succeeding years until they have now become veritable mound-builders' monuments.

The entire pueblo is still surrounded by its old wall for defence, which is now, however, much lower than it formerly was. Far and wide lie rich fields, watered by irrigating ditches, and shaded here and there by great clumps of cottonwoods, while from the very walls themselves rise the wooded slopes of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, whose peaks tower thirteen thousand feet above the sea.

Indeed, it is a happy life these Tañoans lead in this stimulating air, to which undoubtedly is due the fact that their race has kept so strong, so fine in physique, so free from the degeneration of many of the other Indian tribes.

Far up under the enormous trees that shade the river about the town we could see some little girls bathing, and could just distinguish their lithe figures as they plunged screaming into the icy water and jumped out again, shivering, to throw their shawls about them and scamper around like wood-nymphs in their flying draperies.

As we watched them, fascinated by the pretty

"Mounting ladder after ladder"

picture, we caught sight of a man, a chieftain, walking solemnly up the cañon, evidently going to attend some important ceremonial. He was clad in an immense buffalo-robe, so ample, indeed, that it revealed nothing beneath except the fringes of his buckskin breeches. Presently there came another, and another of these men. My friend grew quite excited. He had never seen such robes before, and had never even known of their existence in the pueblo.

We decided to clamber down from our point of vantage, where we had remained unnoticed, to have a closer view of these fine fellows. And, by good fortune, one of them passed us just as we reached the city wall. He was a handsome sight, walking very erect, with his head high and his arms tightly folded. His hair was dressed with feathers and hung in two braids brought forward over his chest. His buffalo-robe was turned inside out and whitened, except for a wide collar of fur, that turned over and sat high about his neck. Between his buckskin breeches and his moccasins he wore anklets made of the beards of elk. Thus robed, solemnly, he followed his fellow tribesmen up the cañon.

But the next man caught sight of us just as he

emerged from his house, and evidently not wanting to be seen, he slipped back again and remained hidden. My companion, unwilling to displease his friends, and knowing their aversion to being seen when engaged in their religious ceremonies, advised that we depart. And so we did.

The days that I spent in Taos were a rare experience, and all too soon, it seemed to me, I found myself awaiting the morning stage. I had three companions upon the journey: an official of the forest reserve, a mining engineer from Mexico, and a botanist who had explored all Central America and much of the world beside. In fact we found ourselves a quartet of confirmed wanderers, and exchanged experiences all the way.

Our driver, "Long John" (and fittingly named he was), was a well-known jehu of the stage-coach days, who had finally swapped his horses for a motor when the new service was established. But he couldn't quite forget his former practices. So that, highly amused, I watched him push upon his steering-wheel, urging the throbbing machine up the long cañon grade by look and gesture, just as he used to urge his four-horse teams.

THE RETURN TO SANTA FÉ

THE RETURN TO SANTA FÉ

I

IN THE ESPAÑOLA VALLEY

FOR my return journey I had arranged an interesting itinerary. The priest in charge of the old Spanish church at Santa Cruz was to meet me at Española, and take me in hand for a day or two, and then a motor was coming out from Santa Fé to drive me back by way of some of the Mexican towns and pueblos that lie along the road.

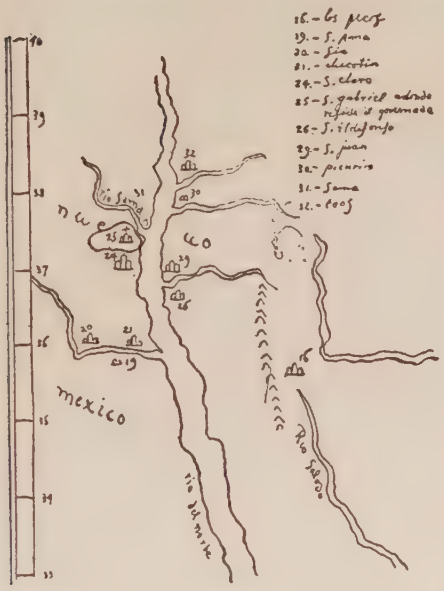
So, as we drew into Española Station I was on the lookout, and soon spied the padre's jovial face, ruddy and beaming with health and good humour, among the waiting Indians and half-breeds. He clapped my shoulders heartily in welcome, and led me off to his buggy, a comfortable vehicle, drawn by a pair of buckskin thoroughbreds that travelled like

the wind. He proposed that we first visit the pueblo of Santa Clara that forms part of the parish of which he has been pastor for many years. I gladly acquiesced, and the ponies sped us over the intervening miles.

We were covering historic ground here along the Rio Grande. For it was in this immediate vicinity that Juan de Oñate, in 1601, had established the very first Spanish settlement within our Southwestern borders. Pushing up along the Rio Grande with his colonists, he had reached Tiguex, then had penetrated as far as this verdant Española Valley, and selected a site near the Chama River for his *villa*, San Gabriel.

I have here appended a careful sketch of an old map drawn up at the time by one of the royal cosmographers, Enrico Martinez—a map never before published until Herbert E. Bolton (whose zeal in research has lately brought to light some remarkable documents hitherto unknown) reproduced it in his "Spanish Explorations in the Southwest" (1916). This manuscript map shows the *villa* below the mouth of the Chama River, yet opposite the pueblo of San Juan, where it is usually placed (Chamita),

thus leaving its exact situation still a little in doubt. It bears the number "25" in the list, and is marked: "S. Gabriel adonde reside el governada."



Sketch of Martinez Map of the Upper Rio Grande Pueblos

According to this map, therefore, we were very near the spot on which the little settlement stood. At any rate, the general aspect of the country is the same —the smiling valley with its fields of ripening corn and grain, its vineyards and orchards. But its defenceless situation proved too precarious, too exposed to Indian attack, and it was deemed advisable, some five or six years later, to remove the colony to Santa Fé.

Santa Clara Pueblo figures on this old map under the number "24." It is known to have had a

church as early as 1617. In fact, all the pueblos of this Española Valley loom large in the history of the Spanish-Colonial period, Santa Clara itself having been the hotbed of the terrible Pueblo Revolt of 1680.

The village still surrounds the usual central square, though this one is not so regular in form as some others. The houses are but a story or two in height, so have little of the spectacular beauty of the high-built pueblos like Taos. Its inhabitants are peaceful enough, quite prosperous, and, according to my genial host, self-respecting and kindly. He took me in to visit all the houses. Everywhere his warm and hearty manner won an answering sympathy; everywhere he was greeted with smiles, the Indians welcoming him seemingly with the greatest pleasure.

Indeed had he not baptised their children, married them, and buried their old people for seventeen long years? Was he not intimately connected with all their joys and sorrows, with every incident of their humble lives? In each house he asked the women to do something to interest me. In one he placed them at the *metate* and had them grind their

corn; in another he had a young mother show me her baby, sleeping like a doll, in a crib suspended from the rafters of the ceiling; in another, he made a man open the bins underneath his bed to display his stores of wheat, peas, and corn.

The interiors are much alike. One corner, usually near the door, with a shield to keep away stray draughts, is occupied by the fireplace, with cooking vessels and little piles of cedar boughs neatly ranged about it. Along one wall are the sleeping couches, with their skins and blankets, and from the centre, like a swing, hangs the cradle, lined with soft furs. The walls are decked now and then with cheap pictures, religious in character—the only European note—or with strings of peppers, ears of corn, and panoplies of feathers.

What interested me most were the potters. We visited a number of them and, fascinated, I watched one expert woman make several jars before my eyes. Seated upon the hard, earthern floor, she rolled the clay between the palms of her hands into long strings. Starting at the bottom of the jar, she placed these strings one upon another, welding them together and modelling them with a piece of dried gourd that

she kept moist in a can of water. Quite rapidly the sides of the jar mounted in her lap, then she began to shape them in toward the neck of the vessel, and flare them out again at the top, adding, very deftly and very quickly, the lip and the handles, and the jar was ready for firing.

The Santa Clara ware is well-known. Some of it is fired just long enough to be thoroughly baked, and remains red in colour. But most of it is left for a second baking in a special kind of finely ground fuel that emits a dense black smoke. A certain proportion of this smoke is absorbed into the pottery and gives it that peculiar lustrous black glaze that is its distinguishing feature, reminding one of the ancient Etruscan wares.

Our last visit was to "the millionaire of Santa Clara," who lives in a well-built modern house lying just outside the town. He married some years ago an Osage Indian woman from Oklahoma, the owner of oil-wells and other lucrative properties. Their home was furnished with a certain luxury in garish taste, to be sure, but decided comfort, and it was an unique experience to have this stout, full-blooded Indian woman sit down before a self-playing

Tower, Church at Santa Cruz

piano, and ask us what we would like her to play. Thinking of her and not of myself, I chose some selections from "Il Trovatore," and she ran them off with good taste and well-chosen modulations.

Between showers we drove back to Santa Cruz, where stands the old church of which my friend is priest. Santa Cruz itself is but a small agglomeration of Mexican adobes and possesses no special interest. So, without delay, we drew up before my host's house, that immediately adjoins his old church. His sister, who acts as his housekeeper, bade me welcome, and showed me to my room, a commodious apartment, with a great window opening on the *placeta*, and a fireplace occupying all of one end—a veritable monument, a notable piece of cabinet work, with settles built in at each side and rows of shelves above, heaped with the parish registers that date back for many a year.

The doctor came in later, and we settled down to one of those evenings that remain fixed in the memory. The old house and its associations; my genial blond host—a Belgian by birth—and his demure sister, who busied herself with the details of the excellent dinner; the dark Mexican doctor, a new-

Interior, Church at Santa Cruz

comer in the community; the good wines and the jovial spirit of hospitality that prevailed, created an atmosphere quite special—quite different from the ordinary experiences of life, due largely, no doubt, to a sense of isolation, to a remoteness from the usual things of the day—a quality that we all felt but did not stop to analyse as we talked far into the night.

The next day was a Sunday, and mass was to be said at nine. By eight I was over in the church, one of the most interesting hereabouts.

The paintings above its altars are exceptionally good, doubtless due to the nearness of some clever craftsmen among the Mexicans who live in Chimayo. There are a number of these pictures—saints, angels, single figures in tall panels and groups in squarish frames—placed over the high altar, the side altars, at the transept ends, and in the sacristy, and there are sufficient banners, vestments, and church ornaments to give the ancient edifice quite an Old World air.

Just as the Indians and Mexicans began to arrive, driving in for service, the big motor that had left Santa Fé at dawn snorted up to the priest's door.

In it were my friend, the artist to whom I have before alluded, and one of the officials of the School of American Archæology, with his wife. With regret I took leave of my kindly host and his sister, and we were off.

II

CHIMAYO

WE started up the Santa Cruz Valley at first with the ancient town of Chimayo as our objective. It was a hazardous trip to attempt in a motor, I confess, and our driver, who has known every foot of the country within a wide radius of Santa Fé for many years, had only been in there once before.

For a while we followed the sandy river bed, then turned out and struck into a wilderness—a wild, chaotic landscape, rugged and bleak, treeless, strange, with never a house, and never a hut—nothing but rolling ridges that heaved like the waves of a frozen sea. Most people would not like this landscape. But to one with an eye for colour it has a continual fascination—the enchantment of the Sahara—its burnt-yellow and saffron wastes dappled with the lavender shadows of the fleecy clouds that float so airily in the ineffable blue overhead.

So we sped along, crossing ridge after ridge, up and down, down and up, with no landmark to guide us. In fact, several times we lost our road completely—a mere scratch in the landscape—and had to turn back again to seek it. Finally, we attained higher levels and began to see far out to vast distances, with hills lying like a land of dreams along the horizon—the Jemez Mountains blue and tenuous, half hid in a curtain of mist, where the mysterious cliff-dwellers made their troglodytic homes. At last the big auto strained up a hill, a buttress of the great peaks of the Sangre de Cristo, where a Penitente cross, planted upon a cairn, raised its arms to the wilderness, and we saw ahead a deep valley green with trees and a village whose houses lay removed from all the world, shut in by this chaos of rock and clay.

As we approached this remote settlement we could hear voices singing—a cadenced chant, mournful, lugubrious—and presently made out a little procession of perhaps two dozen people, walking in pairs, singing as they went. At their head was a woman all in black, who carried a diminutive figure in her hand—one of those statuettes dressed in real

"A Penitente cross, planted upon a cairn"

clothes, that one sees only upon the altars of the most primitive churches.

She was walking on her knees over the rough ground, occasionally rising to her feet, but almost

immediately dropping down again to her knees, and continuing thus with the little figure of San Lorenzo

Hacienda at Chimayo

held before her. Even among the Andean Indians where the rites savour most of paganism, I have seldom seen a stranger sight; yet here I was in my

own country, three hundred miles or more above the Mexican border!

Slowly the strange procession passed down the hill, chanting as it went, until it disappeared within a church that stood sheltered under a bouquet of towering cottonwoods. We followed at a respectful distance down to this singular edifice, the oddest combination of forms imaginable. All the wall surfaces, as well as the towers, are made of mud, smoothed off by hand, the corners rounded and out of plumb, imparting a home-made, hand-wrought appearance that is most curious. An outer gate admitted us to a courtyard, surrounded by low walls, where we stopped to read the inscriptions on the memorial crosses. While we were doing so, the little procession issued forth again and proceeded on its pilgrimage.

The interior of this church at Chimayo is no less singular than its exterior. Its painted roof-beams, rough-hewn, its uneven walls, its *retablos*, with their crude designs and barbaric patterns of brightest hue; the odd, doll-like figures, dressed in laces and brocade, with tin crowns upon their heads, that grace its altars, create an atmosphere of mediæval

superstition strangely remote from present-day ideas. Yet this is truly the spirit of the place—Mexican to-day as ever it was.

In one of the side chapels we discovered a large hole in the pavement and, peering through it, could make out nothing but yellow sand, quite soft and fine. We were wondering what it might be, when Mr. W. of the Archæological School suddenly recalled the fact that he had read about this sand, and that it is supposed to contain certain miraculous properties that cure many diseases, another strange superstition for present-day America.

It was noon when we emerged into the sunshine, so we settled ourselves for a picnic luncheon (which my companions had thoughtfully brought out from Santa Fé) under the giant cottonwoods before the church, beside a stream of water that ran murmuring by. Not far off another party began to make preparations for a noonday meal—Mexicans these who had driven over in a wagon. We noticed that one of the girls looked pale and sickly, and after lunch she and her companion disappeared, but presently returned with their hands filled with yellow sand, fine and soft. This they proceeded to mix

Mexico Church, Chimayo

with water from the stream, and then to rub it over their necks and faces. As it dried, it turned ashen white, until they finally resembled two ghastly pierrettes.

Thus begrimed, they went back into the church to pray, and presumably to be cured of their ills. A strange land this far-away New Mexico, where Mexican and Indian have retained their racial character so intact!

In the motor again we descended to the river and forded it, over a rocky bed, to visit the village that lies beyond. We wanted especially to see the primitive looms upon which are made the Chimayo blankets that have long been famous. So we spent an hour or two in visiting the houses that frame in the spacious plaza.

Then we struck off again toward the south, following for a while the road by which we had come. We crossed ridge after ridge, foothills of those wild mountains that towered to the eastward, culminating in Truchas and Jicarilla peaks. All along the way we passed strange rocks and pillars, worn by erosion into most curious shapes, often so structural, so architectural in character as to resemble ruined

Hindu temples or the queer pyramidal structures of Burma or Siam. Their colour, too, adds to this illusion, the strata of pink, burnt-yellow, and ruddy grey lying one above another as if different building materials had been placed thus by design, for decorative effect.

At last the green Pojoaque Valley opened far below with a river, the Nambé, glittering through it. We accomplished the descent to it by loops and bends, bouncing in *barrancas* and swinging round the sharp curves. Off to the westward loomed the Black Mesa of San Ildefonso, where the Indians made their last stand after the Pueblo Revolt.

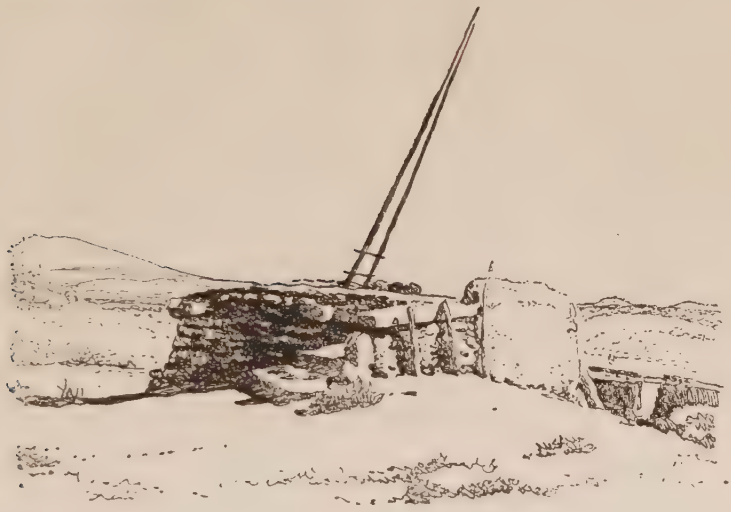
III

NAMBÉ AND TESUQUE

THE old town of Nambé lies at the upper end of the valley. It has shrunk now to a village of scarcely a hundred souls, who inhabit a row of primitive adobes, that surround a great central plaza. It had its mission church and its resident priest as early as 1642.

Whenever I visited one of these isolated communities, I thought of those lonely *frailes*, those missionaries who sacrificed themselves so willingly for what they considered the worthiest object in life—the saving of souls—electing to go and live, quite unprotected, among these treacherous flocks who at any moment might rise and kill them. Indeed, long experience had taught them that this was to be expected at frequent intervals; yet, burning with holy zeal, they took up the burden and pursued their work courageously, winning their martyr's crown bravely, if such was to be their fate.

The churches that they built so long ago still stand to attest their devotion. But the underlying superstitions of the aboriginal Indian also still



Kiva, Nambé

persist despite centuries of catechism and Christian prayer.

Here at Nambé in the middle of the plaza, the *estufa* or kiva forms the most conspicuous object. It has always been the Indian's gathering-place, his sanctuary. Above ground it shows but a large,

circular drum of rough stones, with a few steps leading to the roof that is made of mud laid on big timbers, whose ends protrude. The only entrance is through a trap-door in this roof, by means of a ladder whose upper ends project high in air, thus marking the sanctuary from afar like a church's steeple.

I had seen a number of these kivas in the various pueblos that I had visited, but had always been warned that no one was permitted to enter them. At Nambé, however, my friends told me that the natives were more tolerant, and offered to take me down, so we mounted to the roof and climbed down the ladder into a circular chamber, whose walls were tinted ochre up to a certain height, then whitened above. The ceiling was quite black, smoked by the fire that is lighted for ceremonials near the foot of the ladder. Opposite this fireplace is a long seat that extends half-way round the room, with a drum and a few other objects hanging above it.

As we were looking about, a pair of legs came down the ladder, followed by an indignant Indian, who protested energetically against this invasion. We mollified him, however, by protesting our rev-

erence for the place and its associations, and he stayed quietly with us until we clambered out again.

One more pueblo lay between us and Santa Fé, Tesuque, whose queer rain-gods and bits of fanciful

A Corner of the Plaza, Tesuque

pottery one sees in all the shops of the capital. We covered the six intervening miles rapidly, for the road was good.

The pueblo lies just off the main highway at a point where some Indians were winnowing their grain, while, in a circular corral near by, a herd of

goats were acting as a thrashing-machine, beating out the kernels with their hurrying feet as they were driven round and round in a circle. A primitive picture, indeed! The pueblo surrounds a very regular square, quite picturesque in effect, with an old church that antedates the Pueblo Revolt. The place has retained its Indian character intact, despite the fact that it is only nine miles from Santa Fé.

Our driver, who seemed to have an eye for everything, had been looking with some concern at a pile of thunder-clouds that were gathering about the summit of Old Baldy. These clouds had swelled in size during the last few minutes, and under them lay a shadow, inky black. He advised departure at once, so we got into the motor and started for Santa Fé.

The road was excellent—luckily—for the clouds gathered apace, chasing us with startling rapidity. An inky pall spread over the sky, the wind began to puff, and then to come in brisk squalls as it does at sea. We let the throttle out and hit up a lively pace, praying to the Tesuque rain-gods to hold that deluge back until we could reach the city. We won

but only by a scratch, for no sooner had I mounted the steps of the de Vargas than the great drops began to patter on the pavement, the flood-gates opened and a veritable deluge drenched the gutters until they flowed like angry rivers.

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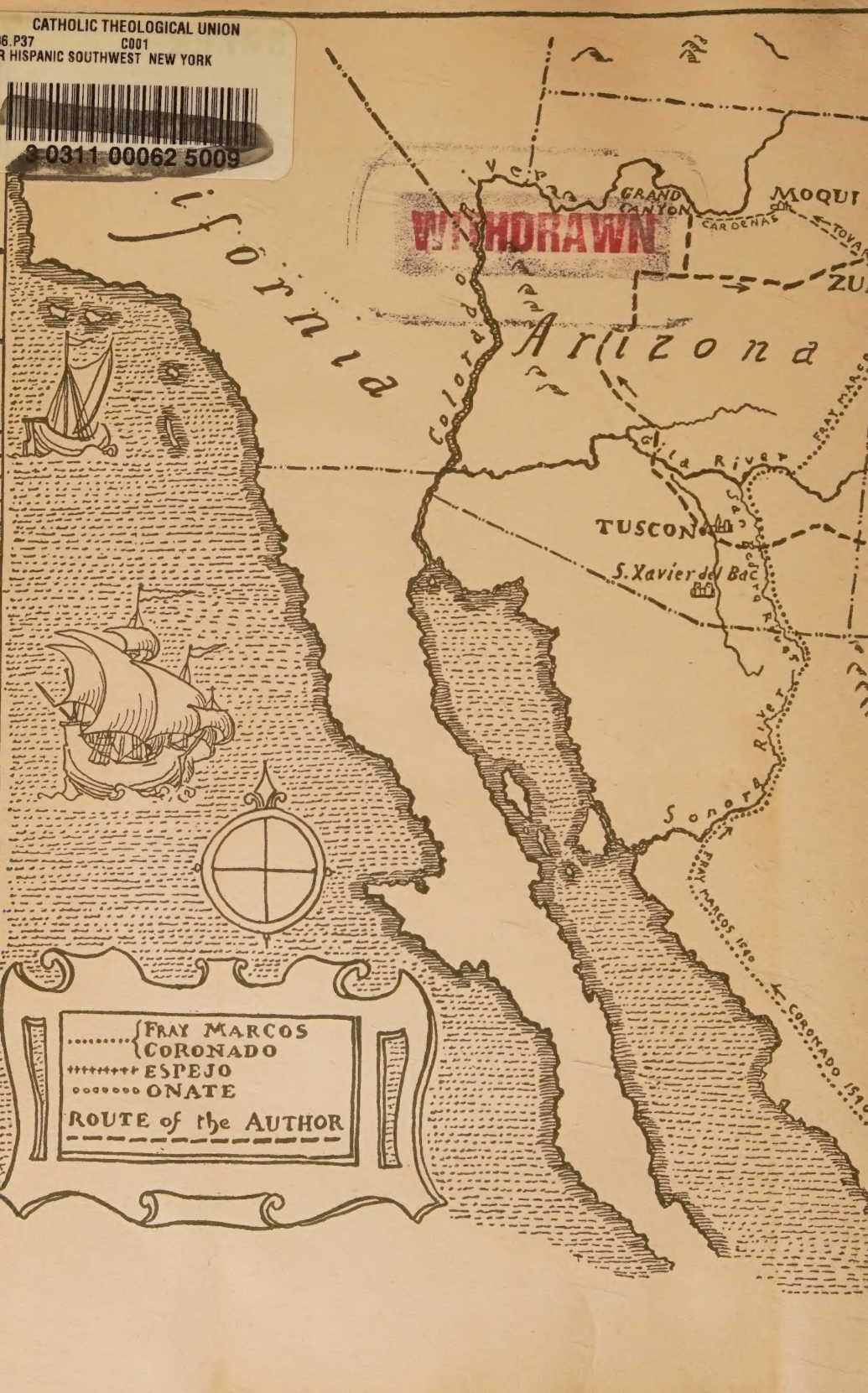

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